

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 161.—VOL. VII.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1863.

[PRICE 4d.
Unstamped.]

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THE MILITARY SITUATION IN AMERICA.

FROM time to time during the civil war which is still raging in America, it has been found convenient to take a general survey of the position of the belligerents—or, if we may use the expression, to take stock of the war. At the beginning it will be remembered that the Federals were practically swept out of the South. In the spring of 1861, with the exception of Fortress Monroe, there was not a single point on the coast from Washington to New Orleans of which the North retained possession; on land westward of the Mississippi the Confederates were triumphant, whilst eastward of that great river they claimed every inch of ground south of the river Ohio and the river Potomac, on which the capital stands.

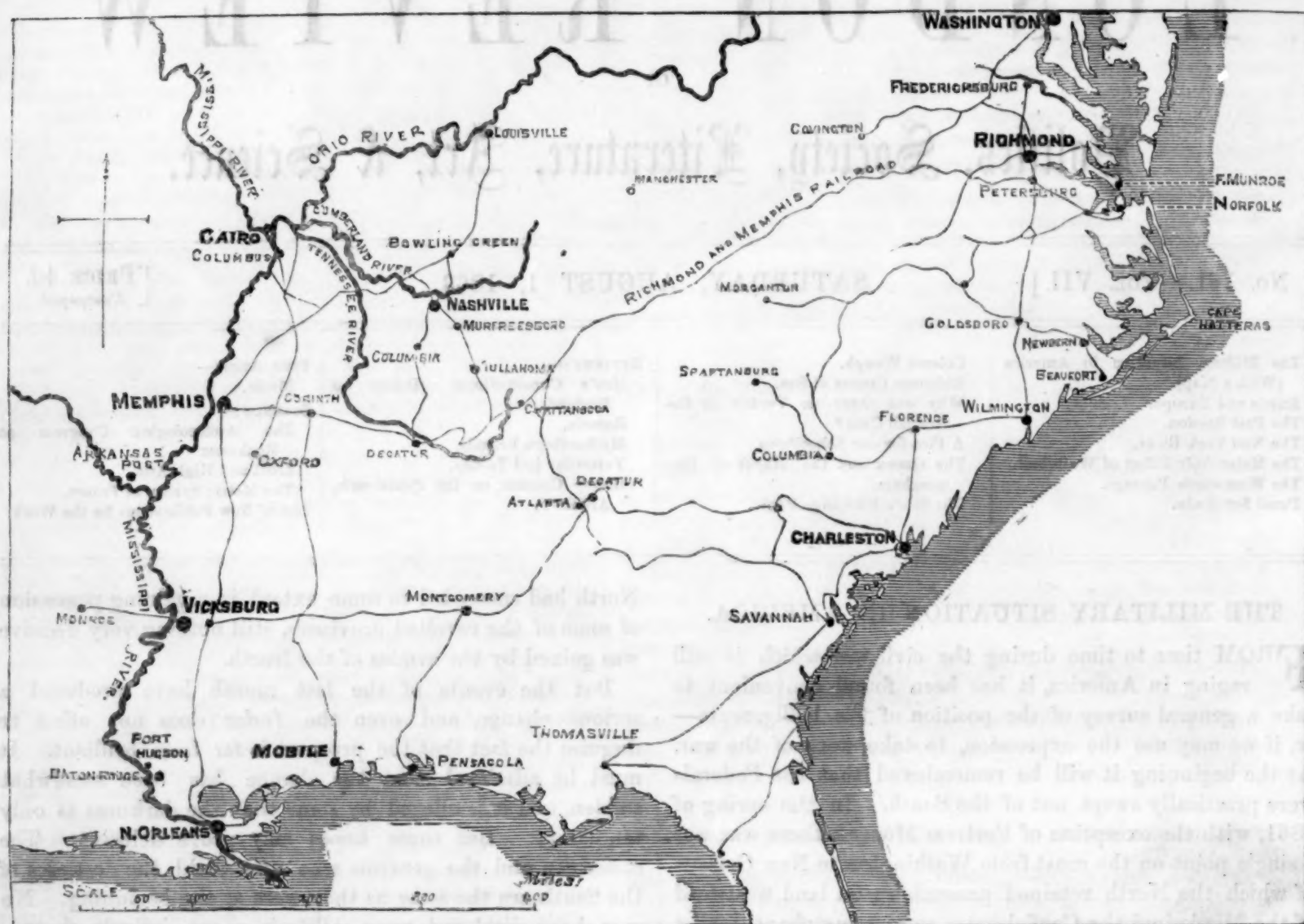
In two years the situation had materially changed. On the 7th of February, 1863, we pointed out these changes. Along the whole coast a rigid blockade had been established. Fortress Monroe was still in the hands of the Federals, to which had been added Norfolk, the great Confederate navy-yard on the opposite side of the James River channel. Proceeding southward, Newbern in North Carolina was also occupied by Northern troops. And whilst Mobile remained with the South, New Orleans was governed by the Federal General Banks. Advancing up the Mississippi, Admiral Farragut had been stopped by the Confederate batteries at Port Hudson. The Confederates had held the river between that place and Vicksburg, but from Vicksburg to the Ohio the Federal gunboats and transports held control. As to the northern frontier, the only formidable army was that of Rosecrans, which maintained itself with difficulty at Murfreesborough, a few miles south of Nashville. Western Virginia had indeed been restored to the North; but in Eastern Virginia General Burnside had just suffered a repulse on the south side of the Rappahannock, in attempting to carry the heights of Fredericksburg, which were occupied by the troops of General Lee. In February, therefore, the Confederates occupied a very strong position. An attempt to subdue Vicksburg or Port Hudson had failed. Neither of them had been invested, and the officers of command had been able to supply themselves to any extent from both banks of the Mississippi. At this time Grant was just setting out from Memphis, to make another attempt upon Vicksburg, whilst there was not a single soldier in the neighbourhood of Port Hudson. The Confederacy was still undivided, because it still had command of the Mississippi; whilst there were ample means of transferring troops between that river and the east coast, because the two great lines of communication—the one between Memphis and Richmond, the other between Vicksburg and Charleston—were still in the hands of the South. In February, therefore, though the

North had succeeded to some extent in regaining possession of some of the revolted provinces, still nothing very decisive was gained by the armies of the North.

But the events of the last month have produced a serious change, and even the *Index* does not affect to disguise the fact that the prospect is far from brilliant. It must be admitted that the change has been somewhat sudden, and it is alleged by some that the darkness is only temporary. But those hopes may prove delusive. The statesmen and the generals who now wield the destinies of the South are the same as they were at the beginning. No men have displayed more ability in more difficult circumstances. There is no whisper of treachery, of cowardice, or of mismanagement. The calamities which have occurred have been inevitable. And, therefore, the only conclusion is that the South must be more or less exhausted. In the conduct of a great revolution, such as that in America, the brilliancy of the struggle will be in proportion to the ability of the men engaged in it; but the more able they are the more sudden must be the failure when it comes.

Let us now see what has happened. General Lee, after a bold and successful invasion of the North, has been compelled to recross the Potomac, and is making his way by forced marches towards Richmond; but whether he intends to retreat to that city is doubtful. A successful landing has been made on Morris and James Islands, which form the southern side of Charleston Harbour. Vicksburg and Port Hudson have both surrendered,—the one to General Grant, the other to General Banks; so that the whole of the Mississippi is now in the hands of the Federals. Jefferson Davis himself declared that the possession of these two fortified places was almost essential to the existence of the Confederacy, for without them the Confederacy must be cut in two and all hope of extending it to the Pacific must be abandoned. It seems that he must now reconcile himself to this great calamity. But this is not all. Both parties reckon the army of General Grant at 100,000 men, and the Richmond correspondent of the *Times*, contrasting them with those of the Eastern armies recruited from New York and Philadelphia, declares them to be excellent troops. This vast host, as well as many of those under General Banks, will be available for military operations elsewhere. Indeed, already General Sherman has been detached by General Grant, and is said to have inflicted a severe defeat upon General Johnstone, who retreated eastward, having found it impossible to relieve Vicksburg. Again, General Bragg has fallen back, certainly to Chattanooga and possibly to Atlanta, whilst Rosecrans has followed in his track. The object of Bragg has been to defend the two great lines of communication between the Western and Eastern States of the Confederacy, and the two points which must be

MAP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.



occupied in order to enable him to accomplish his purpose are Chattanooga and Atlanta. If he loses the first, the Confederates are reduced to one line of communication; if he loses the second, the Confederacy will be as effectually divided again as it is now divided by losing the Mississippi. In short, the Federals, by entrenching themselves at Chattanooga and Atlanta, might despatch the greater part of their Western army to co-operate with Gilmore at Charleston, or with Meade in Virginia. Richmond is about 500 miles in a direct line from Chattanooga, and Charleston is about 300 miles in a direct line from Atlanta.

Such being the state of affairs, it must be admitted that the Richmond journals have some reason for desponding, and that the sudden and serious depreciation of the Confederate loan need excite no surprise. Within a few weeks the field of operation has been contracted by a half, whilst a great army has been released to operate in the restricted area. Instead of the Mississippi, the Confederate frontier is now Atlanta; instead of Pennsylvania, their frontier is now Richmond; and indeed, with the exception of Alabama, there is no single State in which the Federals are not occupying some important point. It is certainly the fact that General Morgan has been making a successful cavalry raid north of the Ohio, but such an enterprise, however successful, cannot produce any material effect on the conclusion of the war. It is also true that the conscription has been violently opposed in New York; and unless this opposition is suppressed the conscription will become impossible in other States of the Union. But according to the latest accounts the city has resumed its usual condition, and the conscription is being carried into effect.

RUSSIA AND EUROPE.

THE position of Russia at this moment is not a dignified one. Her attempt to detach Austria from the Western Powers has met with a merited rebuff, and Count Rechberg does not conceal the light in which he views the clumsy insult offered by Prince Gortschakoff to the Cabinet of Vienna. With all the diplomatic talent of the Russian Government, they have managed to wound Austria's delicate sentiment of honour at a moment when it was their interest to conciliate her. Indignant at being played with before the eyes of Europe, she has instinctively drawn still nearer

to France and England, and the result in all probability must be a collective note addressed to the Russian Emperor by the Three Powers, in which the serious nature of the situation will not be disguised. The report that the Russian Government has expressed a willingness to moderate the tone and tenor of its last despatches may be, perhaps, the creation of the vivid imaginative powers of M. Reuter's agents. A more important proof that Russia is conscious how little she has taken by her last move, and that she is alarmed for its consequences, is afforded by the suddenly developed diplomatic activity of Prussia. When Count Bismarck dares to appear upon the diplomatic scene, we may assume that he comes forward to cover the Russian retreat from an untenable position, and that he is anxious to show himself openly what he doubtless is at heart, the best friend of the Northern Court. Prussia, however, will hardly be suffered to gather a single diplomatic laurel upon the present occasion. A wiser statesman than Count Bismarck would scarcely have had the courage to propose as arbitrator between the North and the West of Europe the miserable reactionary Government, whose domestic and foreign policy during the last six months has been a long course of infatuation. Count Bismarck himself would hardly have the folly and the assurance to court the refusal which must follow such an overture, were it not that he sees, and that Russia sees, how grave an injury the last Russian notes have done to her own cause.

On both sides of the Channel the Russian despatches have given rise to anxiety and alarm. From day to day public feeling in France and England varies on the subject of the probability of maintaining peace. An imperative sense of danger has at last driven the British Government to cut short Lord Russell's pleasant summer occupation of re-assuring Russia as to the harmlessness of our intentions. The Queen's Speech contains no flattering promises of peace—no covert menaces of hostility. It might be difficult, perhaps, to express confidence in the future, without seeming to allow that disturbance and disquiet were on the cards; but at least the Ministry stand boldly committed to the view that the Polish question can only now be settled by Russia's fulfilment of the Treaty of 1815. The prorogation of Parliament will add to the diplomatic strength of the English Foreign Office. More than usual must of necessity now be left to the judgment of Lord Palmerston himself—

diplomacy will not be hampered by the indiscreet questions or assertions of private members of Parliament,—and the issue of peace or war seems to be less directly under the control of the House of Commons. In an anxious matter like the present much must always depend upon the temper of the Executive. But Lord Palmerston's voice will ring this autumn more authoritatively through Europe, when it is not drowned by the interpellations of Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Kinglake, or Mr. Hennessy. It is evident that the first-fruits of the vacation will not unnaturally be a firmer tone taken by the Cabinet on the subject of Russian tyranny in Poland.

The voice of Austria will have a most important influence on all the future deliberations. Obviously, the French Emperor is unwilling to plunge France in a single-handed war. The French press has been directed to abstain from unnecessary agitation; and Napoleon III. appears resolved to hold his reins in his own hand. It is extremely difficult to estimate justly the power of French democratic feeling. Poland is a question on which the French masses are accustomed to feel keenly, and to watch their executive closely. But the interference of the three great Powers has converted what would otherwise be almost a personal question to large numbers of the French people, into a European one; and Frenchmen may be willing to leave it to Europe at large to settle. As far as matters have yet gone, it has been the Emperor's interest to keep all that savours of democracy and revolution in the background, in order not to frighten the conservative spirit of Austria. In a mere crusade for nationalities, neither that Empire nor England could be expected to join. The Emperor has therefore abstained from recognizing the passions and instincts of the French people more than he could help. For such a course he deserves the respect and good opinion of England. A war for nationalities conducted by France, Italy, and Sweden, would be a serious misfortune for this country; and much as we hate the sound of English cannon, we should rather see the Polish difficulty solved by English and French fleets in the Baltic, than by the organization of a powerful league of the kind under the championship of the French nation. Yet the chances of war are too manifold to make a Polish crusade a pleasant prospect even for the Emperor Napoleon. It is certain that to the last he will endeavour to act in concert with the English people. His interest cannot be to excite European alarm; nor does he probably hide from himself the indisputable truth that a French expedition to Warsaw would be looked upon with infinite disapprobation at Vienna. The Poles themselves are fully conscious how important it is that Austria should not be excited by any dread of general revolution. Polish interests will be all the better served for being entrusted to the keeping of Europe at large, instead of the special custody of France; nor is Napoleon III. ignorant of the European suspicion which follows the French eagles wherever they go,—an unpleasant heirloom bequeathed by the First Empire to the Second. He may be further deterred from precipitate action by the sound reflection that France by herself may make war upon Russia, but France by herself cannot resettle Poland. To the final restoration of that unhappy country either Austria or Russia must be a consenting party. In the Italian campaign, and in the diplomatic events that followed it, France had to deal with no greater difficulty than a religious question,—for Austria, in 1859, was not in a condition to measure her strength with France. But Poland is landlocked by three powerful military empires, which have not been disinterested spectators of Polish history; and it would seem Quixotic to hope that the fate of Poland can be decided irrespectively of their wishes. One method, perhaps, might be said to remain for achieving so Utopian an end. It is to summon to the rescue the unknown forces of European revolution. Yet he must be a bold Imperial Wizard who would venture for his own shading projects to conjure up a shadowy host of phantoms whose first business would be to crush himself.

Not only will the influence of Austria at the present juncture be powerful; it will also be pacific. That the Austrian Cabinet will be anxious to read Russia a severe diplomatic lesson is certain; that they would withdraw their ambassador, and break off diplomatic relations, if a final effort at persuasion were unsuccessful, is not at all unlikely. Austria has a right to be indignant at seeing Russia recklessly playing with fire, and defying the constitutional remonstrances of Conservative as well as Liberal

Europe. The present, moreover, is an admirable opportunity for Austria to regain her proper ascendancy in the councils of the Continent. She has to wipe out the reproach of the Hungarian, the inaction of the Crimean, the disasters of the Italian wars. The last few years have made a great change at Vienna. The rude shocks of Magenta and Solferino seem suddenly to have opened the Emperor's eyes to the progress of public opinion, and his internal difficulties since the Lombardy campaign have been sufficient to startle the soberest statesmen. For innumerable reasons—some connected with her own personal interests, some with European questions to which we need not now allude—Austria is not sorry to take Poland's part so far as it can with decency be done. But it is a very different question whether, under any circumstances, she will go to war. Her finances are improving, but they are unfit to bear such a strain as that to which war would subject them. Nor is she animated by a strong Liberal anxiety to see Europe reformed, and absolutism kept within bounds. If the upshot of war was to be Polish independence, Galicia might soon sever itself from the Imperial Confederation. *Le jeu ne vaudrait pas la chandelle.* Austria has no strong motive for carrying her intervention in favour of the Poles beyond a certain point. Her diplomatic union with France and England is then a considerable guarantee that in spite of Russian obstinacy, peace will be preserved. Nor can the Russian Cabinet afford to disregard Austria's attitude. When Austria, France, and England all demand a Congress of the great Powers (for the Congress, and not the armistice, is the primary and substantial part of the demand, the armistice being an easily arranged consequence of the Congress), it would be insanity for Russia to persist in a refusal. She would never have attempted one at all, had it not been for her belief that England was faint-hearted in the matter and that Austria might be seduced into desertion. She staked upon these chances and she has lost. Instead of abating anything, the tone of England has suddenly become firmer and more serious. Austria has indignantly vindicated her own sincerity; and if rumours be true, the Cabinet of St. Petersburg and their friends are prepared to lay the credit of the insult offered to Austrian honour at the door of an indolent ambassador. To any but diplomatic minds, a barefaced attempt at seduction is hardly made better by subsequent asseverations that the attempt would not have been made had it not been expected to succeed. The real truth is, that the foxes of the Russian Foreign Office have been endeavouring to steal a march on the Three Powers, and have been caught in flank as they were moving. Serious as is the situation for Europe, it is still more serious for Russia. The Three Powers are now about to address to her a final summons. We trust that no ministerial crotchets about the composition of this document may prevail, and that it will be a collective and joint summons. Divided by separate interests and separate objects, the Three Powers might fail. Together, we know that they are irresistible, and, what is more, Russia knows it too.

THE PAST SESSION.

THE Parliamentary session of 1863 will not occupy a distinguished place in our legislative annals. The Government opened it without professions, and they have closed it without conspicuous achievements. Circumstances compelled them to carry through a measure of some importance for relieving the distress in Lancashire, by enabling various public bodies in that county to borrow a million and a quarter for the employment of the cotton operatives. But the only subjects of general interest upon which they have voluntarily undertaken to legislate, have been the augmentation of small benefices, the revision of the statute law, and the constitution of the Volunteer force upon what the Royal Speech describes as "a well-defined footing." We are quite willing to hope that the utility of these measures may be in proportion to the unobtrusiveness of their pretensions. Their passage through the two Houses was unmarked by any considerable difference of opinion; and none of them for a moment disturbed that tranquillity which is supposed to be the special object of the Premier's vows. Some minor domestic questions, however, gave rise to spirited and even acrimonious debates. A bill for authorizing magistrates to pay Roman Catholic gaol chaplains excited the vehement opposition of the ultra-Protestant party, and contributed to widen the breach between the

Conservative leaders and a section of their nominal following. Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli are quite aware that Ireland cannot be governed on the principles of Mr. Newdegate, and, at the cost of offending their supporters, they therefore gave a firm and consistent support to the Government measure. They did not escape those reproaches of treachery and desertion, which it is the fate of Tory statesmen to incur, as often as they deviate by a hair's-breadth from the well-marked tracks of bigotry and prejudice. The loss of life which unfortunately occurred during the popular rejoicings on the marriage of the Prince of Wales roused Sir George Grey to a momentary exhibition of vigour. But the Bill which he introduced for amalgamating the city with the metropolitan police was opposed by the united force of the municipal dignitaries of England and Wales; and the Home Secretary was fain to retreat from the storm he had raised, under the shelter of a technical objection to the manner in which his measure had been proposed. A similar want of success attended his efforts to save garotters from the indignity of flogging; and as he suffered severely in the debates which arose out of his conduct in the M'Lachlan case, and also out of some other acts of his administration, it can scarcely be denied that his department of the Government has fallen materially in public consideration during the session. The most mortifying Ministerial defeat was, however, that which attended their proposition to purchase the Exhibition building at Kensington Gore. The support of Mr. Disraeli and Sir S. Northcote was unavailing against the general suspicion of a job, and the universal determination to throw off the yoke of a well-known clique. Success was, no doubt, hopeless under any circumstances. But, for the contumelious manner in which the vote was negatived, the Government have mainly to thank Mr. Gladstone's indiscreet and irritating advocacy.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer had an opportunity of carrying through the financial measures of the year with general assent. A surplus of £3,740,000, while a source of satisfaction, is often also a source of embarrassment. But in this instance obvious considerations pointed so distinctly to the reduction of the tea-duty and of the income-tax, that the Minister could have had little difficulty in determining upon the distribution of his bounty. Accordingly the principal portions of his budget were thoroughly well received, and, indeed, almost escaped adverse criticism. But Mr. Gladstone was not content to reap the advantages of a safe but commonplace unanimity. Although he might have enjoyed the popularity of remitting taxes without the substitution of new burthens, he deliberately preferred the gratification of a morbid taste for financial perfection. In order to round off a few angles and fill up a few gaps which seemed to mar the fair proportions of our fiscal system, he proposed to compel clubs to take out spirit licences, to abolish the exemption from income-tax enjoyed by charities, and to levy an additional duty on carriers' carts. The House of Commons were naturally indisposed to inflict a large amount of petty annoyance upon the country, for the sake of adding some £130,000 to the revenue. They were still less inclined to mulct our great charitable and educational institutions. And although Mr. Gladstone defended this part of his scheme in one of his most brilliant speeches, he was ultimately compelled to abandon the whole of his new taxation, save the imposition of the passenger-tax upon the excursion traffic of railways.

Turning to the motions of private members, we are struck in the first place by the absence of some well-known annuals. Neither Mr. Locke King nor Mr. Baines have had the courage to face an adverse House with their respective schemes for the reduction of the borough and county franchises. Even in the estimation of its friends, Parliamentary reform is evidently at a discount. It is true that towards the latter end of the session Mr. Berkeley repeated once more the annual ballot farce, but it is impossible to treat with any seriousness a proposition which the honourable member for Bristol always converts into a mere vehicle for jokes. He failed, as usual, to receive even the compliment of a debate, although a certain number of Liberal members duly fulfilled their pledges by voting for a motion in favour of which they will not take the trouble to speak. Mr. Whalley has not succeeded in reviving the worn-out interest in the Maynooth Grant; while Mr. Somes signally failed to inaugurate a reign of puritanical strictness by his bill for closing public-houses on Sunday. Although those members who represent the political Nonconformists have shown

themselves as strongly disposed as ever to attack the Established Church, their assaults have been repelled by its friends with unusual ease and success. The supporters of Church-rates found themselves in a majority of ten, while last year their victory was only secured by a single voice. The Burials Bill was defeated with equal ease, and Mr. Dillwyn's Endowed Schools Bill was not even seriously pressed. At the same time, the Irish branch of the Church has been subjected to a renewal of those attacks which had previously ceased for several sessions. It was the subject of an animated and interesting debate; but although it was attacked on the one side and defended on the other with great zeal and energy by several speakers, the House in general manifested but little inclination to open an ecclesiastical question of this difficulty and magnitude, or to incur the risk of rousing once more in the sister kingdom the slumbering passions of sectarian rivalry and hatred. A very different class of questions, also involving deeply the welfare of the Established Church, has assumed during the past session unusual prominence. In both Houses propositions have been made to relax the obligation of subscription to her formularies and articles as the condition of admission into her ministry, or to a share in the government of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Lord Ebury, in the Upper House, also originated an interesting debate with reference to the desirableness of reforming the Burial Service. No practical result has hitherto followed any of these motions, but there can be no doubt that the subjects to which they relate require the gravest consideration. It is satisfactory to observe that every disposition has been manifested to deal with them in a spirit of anxious regard to the best interests of the Church.

Foreign questions have again furnished the occasion of the most important and interesting debates of the session. On this field the Government have been invariably successful; and in the confidence which their external policy inspires they find more than a compensation for their domestic failures. Previously to the opening of Parliament, the Opposition organs foretold their speedy ejection from office, on the ground either of their quarrel with Brazil or their proposed cession of the Ionian Islands. But, although the Conservative leaders have been willing to wound, they have been equally afraid to strike; and on neither of these two important topics have they ventured to take the sense of Parliament. The acceptance of the crown of Greece by Prince William of Denmark relieved the Government from a difficulty which once threatened to become embarrassing; and it seems generally admitted that, whatever may be the ultimate fate of that turbulent little kingdom, they have done their best for it. They have had more than one opportunity in either House of showing that, in their sympathy for Italy, they still represent the feelings of the country; while Mr. Disraeli still persists in regarding the new kingdom with ungenerous scepticism, and in criticising the unsettled condition of its Neapolitan provinces with captious querulousness. Our relations with Japan, and the course of affairs in China, have both engaged attention; but in neither case has Parliament shown any disposition to withdraw its confidence in the discretion of Lord Palmerston. Although there are some who think the Government have said too much, and others who think they intend to do too little in regard to Poland, the debates which have hitherto taken place on this subject appear to show that Parliament concurs with Earl Russell in his reluctance to go to war, while it is equally averse to acting on the ignoble advice of Earl Grey—that we should neither express sympathy nor urge remonstrances in favour of a gallant people, lest we should in some way become committed beyond the power of retreat. American affairs have given rise to frequent debates, in which her Majesty's Ministers have successfully vindicated their adherence to an impartial and dignified neutrality, and have repelled the efforts which have been made to force them into a line of action unduly favourable either to the North or the South.

During the session the House of Commons sustained, in the death of Sir G. C. Lewis, a loss which is not likely to be soon repaired. Calm, sagacious, candid, he had inspired an amount of confidence second only to that which is felt in Lord Palmerston himself. His death leaves Mr. Gladstone without a competitor for the leadership of the Liberal party, just when he has succeeded in making it clear that he is incapable of discharging the duties of the post. Still unrivalled as an orator he has seriously com-

promised his authority with the House of Commons, by failures of tact and temper; and by an apparent incapacity for appreciating the feelings and modes of argument of average Englishmen. The Conservative leader has obviously lost ground during the past session. The growing disorganization of the party, and the scarcely concealed aversion of a large section of its members for Mr. Disraeli were strikingly displayed in the course of the Exhibition debate when the right hon. gentleman was indebted to Lord R. Cecil for a hearing from the occupants of the Opposition benches. The two leaders of the once powerful "Manchester School" have been principally conspicuous during the past session for a vehement and unscrupulous advocacy of the Federal cause, which has separated them more widely than ever from the middle and educated classes of the country. Lord Palmerston, however, seems more than ever indispensable and enjoys an ascendancy less dependant upon mere party support than at any former period. The Irish Protestant members have recently displayed a marked preference for a Minister who may have his faults, but who will certainly never ask them to maintain the Pope's temporal power as a bulwark of the European system. The English country gentlemen are averse to disturb a Premier who shares their opinions and sympathies, and is able to secure that domestic tranquillity which they concur with him in considering an object of the first importance. All classes feel that while difficult and delicate foreign questions are pending, it is for the advantage of the country to have at the helm a statesman whose reputation is world-wide, and whose courage and discretion have been amply proved. The very mistakes of his colleagues only serve to display the never-failing tact and adroitness with which the noble Lord repairs them. It is so difficult to foresee what would happen if he were displaced, that there is a general disposition to postpone as long as possible the solution of the problem. The loss of Sir G. C. Lewis, the repeated mischances which have befallen Sir George Grey, and the escapades of Mr. Gladstone, have, no doubt, concentrated public confidence in the Government upon the head of its chief; but with that qualification we are warranted in saying that the stability of the Administration has not suffered during a session which has passed away without a single party contest.

THE NEW YORK RIOTS.

NEW YORK is, after London, the largest and wealthiest city in the world that is chiefly inhabited by a population of the English race. It is the more deplorable to learn that New York has been four days in the possession of a savage and ferocious mob, with pillage, fire, and murder, spreading confusion and dismay through that great commercial city. The outrages which took place there from the 13th to the 16th of this month are such as have seldom disgraced the streets of any town, even in the wildest moments of revolutionary excitement, within the recent history of civilized nations. Their barbarous cruelty is unparalleled since the frantic excesses of the first French Revolution, unless we compare it with the fierce rage of a Spanish or a Neapolitan populace, on some occasions when a sudden terror, combined with fanaticism, has provoked the eruption of destructive passions. There is, however, no such excuse to be pleaded for the scenes of inhuman fury which have just been enacted in "the Empire City" of the North American Union. The people of New York were neither goaded to frenzy by the preaching of a religious crusade nor by an alarm of the enemy at their gates. Their scandalous behaviour, with the horrible cruelties of which they were guilty, must be ascribed to that general demoralization which has been fostered by the conduct of American politicians and journalists for the last twenty or thirty years. These incidents of wanton havoc and slaughter are but the repetition, on a larger scale, of deeds which have been perpetrated too often in American cities. They are but the latest manifestation of that spirit of licentious violence which has frequently broken out in the bloody conflicts of faction or insolent attempts by force or by intimidation to interfere with the due course of law. The popular ferocity has been nursed and fostered by the "sensation" style of journalism, and by the braggart sycophancy of political speakers and writers, those of New York being the worst of all. This indeed is not merely the judgment of foreigners upon the true causes of that profound disease which afflicts the whole social body in America. The following passage

from the *New York World* expresses much the same opinion:—

"We charge it plainly upon the Radical journals of this city that they, and chiefly they, have educated the people of New York to the pitch of passion and the extremes of desperate feeling which have gleamed out so luridly and so terribly upon us in these last sad days. We charge it upon them, that by their persistent and malignant assaults upon the character, the purposes, and the patriotism of all who differed from them in their views of public duty; that by their incessant appeals to the lowest and most brutal passions as the motive power of the national life, they have steadily and wickedly perverted the distinctions of party, which should be intellectual and tolerant, into animosities of faction, which seize upon the passions and fire the popular heart to deeds of blood."

To any habitual reader of the American newspapers it must be obvious that there is a great deal of truth in this censure. Such are the agencies by which the war against the South has been sustained, for the profit of newsmongers, contractors, and office-hunters, at an incalculable cost of human life, of public wealth, and national credit. Such are the instructors by which the lower classes of the people, in cities like New York, containing several hundred thousand souls, have been taught to take the law into their own hands whenever they please; to despise all principles of humanity or equity, and to clamour for the wholesale destruction of their opponents.

It can, therefore, be no matter for surprise if the leaders of the war-party, who are justly regarded as "the indirect authors" of the disorders now arising from this mad excitement of the popular mind, should in their turn be visited by its revenge. As they have sown the wind, it is for them to reap the whirlwind. So long as the war could be carried on, reckless of expense, by gigantic loans to be hereafter repudiated, and by lavish bounties paid for the enlistment of volunteers, it has been popular with the jobbing, gambling tradesmen of New York, and not less so with the working classes. It meant high profits and high wages, at least for two or three years, while President Lincoln and his colleagues of the so-called "Republican" party should bear rule. But the time has almost come for an adjustment of the financial burthen; and the time has already come, as we see, for imposing upon the people of the Northern States the actual burthen of military service; from both which burthens they have hitherto been exempt. We have yet to see whether they will pay war-taxes and undergo a war-conscription, for the sake of that imperial policy of conquest and dominion which the Washington Cabinet has proclaimed. They have indeed been content for two years past to play the game of aggressive warfare by means of a prodigal draft upon the future prosperity of the country—by the expenditure of vast sums of paper-money and unlimited Treasury credits, employed to hire the needy Irish and other foreign immigrants to fight the battles of the Union. But those mercenary armies have been used up in their vain and inglorious collision with the still unconquered South. More "greenbacks" and more bonds of the Federal Government may still be fabricated, enough to pay for another campaign; but how are the wasted ranks to be filled up? The President has not yet dared to use the taxing powers with which he was entrusted by Congress. But he ventures, at length, to order the compulsory draft of men, and we see the result. It proves that, in spite of all boasting, the people of the North are not animated by a spirit of patriotic self-sacrifice in this unreasonable war. They will not pay for it; they will not fight for it without a bribe. No sooner is the ballot for recruits opened in the "Empire City," than many thousands of the working classes, apparently with the connivance of a party among the more influential citizens, rush into the streets, assail the offices of conscription, smash the boxes, destroy the lists, burn the houses of the most conspicuous members of the "Republican" party, give battle to the police and soldiery, and then wreak a brutal vengeance upon the miserable negroes, for whose benefit it is falsely pretended that this unprincipled war was undertaken.

We deplore these hideous scenes of crime, which dishonour a nation mainly formed of our own kith and kindred; a nation enjoying, till lately, though in a depraved and exaggerated shape, the institutions of popular government which Englishmen are wont to prize. It is sad news for us all, that the great American Republic has run so utterly to the bad. Yet we see no hope for it, with such a mood of atrocious insanity in the multitude, with such dishonest arts and greedy ambitions rife among their rulers and demagogues. We fear that the state of things will go on from bad to worse. National bankruptcy, distress, and civil strife;

Jacobinism, Reigns of Terror, and ultimately a military despotism, with sectional and foreign wars to relieve the pangs of intestine discord, may be expected to be the portion of America for some years to come. It is probable that not even an immediate cessation of the conflict between North and South would now avail to save her from this terrible doom. The sins of more than one generation—and other sins than their toleration of slavery—are to be thus expiated. They must lie upon the bed which they have made for themselves.

The immediate occasion of this tremendous outburst of popular violence was an act of doubtful legality on the part of the Federal Government. But that Government has been accustomed, for the last two years, to violate the fundamental laws and constitution of the Union in so many ways, and to make so light of the personal liberties of the citizen, that it might well have reckoned on impunity for this final usurpation of power. Several judges of the State of New York had distinctly expressed their conviction that the draft could not legally be enforced. The Governor of the State, Mr. Horatio Seymour, with other active members of the "Democratic" party, had also taken this view, and were prepared to have the question fairly argued in the courts. This being notorious in the city, it was believed that the Federal authorities would not hasten the draft; and Governor Seymour, when he left New York on Friday, the 10th, had received no intimation of their intention to do so. The people were taken by surprise on the Saturday morning, when the operation of drawing the names at the office of each district Provost Marshal actually began, and when, on the Sunday, long lists of those who had been drawn were published in the newspapers. The consternation excited by these proceedings among the working classes was accompanied with yet stronger feelings of indignation, when it was announced that those who could afford to pay three hundred dollars might be exempt from the draft. There can be no doubt that this was the immediate cause of the riots which commenced on Monday morning, the 13th, and which continued until Thursday evening. If indeed the mob had been content with clearing away the obnoxious machinery of the conscription, and had refrained from attacks upon life and private property, they might perhaps have carried with them the sympathies of the most influential citizens belonging to the "Democratic" or Opposition party.

But the savage cruelty which was displayed by this mob in its treatment of the unoffending negroes—who are detested only because they are held up by the partizans of Mr. Lincoln as the cause of the war—is one of the foulest acts in the disgraceful history of American civil strife. It is believed that a hundred and fifty of these unhappy creatures, overtaken as they fled from their burning houses, or caught as they wandered in terror through the streets, were beaten to death, shot, or otherwise massacred, in the revel of bloodshed which lasted for several hours on the Monday afternoon. One negro was hanged up to a tree, and his clothes were set on fire. The Coloured Orphan Asylum was also destroyed, and five or six hundred poor children were driven from its charitable shelter. Some of the police-officers, too, and those in command of the militia, unable to make head against the mob, were put to death in a very horrible manner. Colonel O'Brien, one of these, lay bleeding in the street for more than an hour, wounded, battered, and kicked from side to side, before he ceased to breathe. It is, indeed, scarcely possible to conceive grosser acts of inhumanity than those which are described as having taken place in the greatest city of America in these shameful days.

The municipality was helpless amidst the storm. The Mayor, Mr. George Opdyke, one of the Republican party, and a contractor for the supply of arms to the Federal Government, being one of the most unpopular persons in the city, had enough to do to save his own house, which was twice attacked. It was not till the return of Governor Seymour, on the Tuesday, that an appeal could be made with any effect to the exasperated people, calling upon them to restore peace and order. The Governor said, in his address, that he knew many of the rioters "would not have allowed themselves to be carried to such extremes of violence and wrong, except under an apprehension of injustice;" but he reminded them that "the only opposition to the conscription which could be allowed was an appeal to the courts." It seems probable, however, that the conciliatory assurances of Mr. Seymour would have

failed to lay the angry spirit which had been roused, but for a notification, signed by Colonel Robert Nugent, the Provost Marshal, that "the draft had been suspended in New York and Brooklyn." This was on Wednesday, the 15th, and Thursday was the last day of the riots; large forces of the Federal troops, as well as of the State Militia, having in the meantime arrived. On the 17th, when the authorities of New York apprehended no further disturbance, the War Department of Washington issued a circular, by which "Provosts Marshal are informed that no orders have been issued countermanning the draft." They are commanded to enforce the draft "as rapidly as practicable," and the military are ordered to co-operate with them. We are greatly mistaken if this ill-advised persistence do not provoke in the city of New York an insurrection yet more formidable than that which has just subsided. It is evident, that the labouring classes in that city, and especially the Irish, though willing enough to enlist for a high bounty, are not disposed to allow themselves to be kidnapped for compulsory service in a war such as that which is going on against the Southern States. It is no less evident, that the party now in the ascendant both in the city and State of New York regard this conscription as an unconstitutional and illegal measure. A conflict between the State and the Federal authorities appears not an unlikely result. A violent revolution may ensue, changing the whole aspect of affairs throughout the distracted American Union.

THE MELANCHOLY EFFECT OF WHITEBAIT.

THE last Ministerial act of the Session ought to be to present the country with a creditable piece of English prose. It must be confessed that, in this task, the Cabinet of Lord Palmerston has just failed most disgracefully. This comes of having the whitebait dinner on the Saturday and the Queen's Speech at the beginning of the next week. In the words of the poet, "Salmon always makes him so;" and whitebait it seems is not unlike salmon. *Narratur et prisci Catonis sæpe mero caluisse virtus.* There is no knowing what will be the result if this practice of writing her Majesty's Speeches at Greenwich is not severely and promptly checked. The chief blame must fall on the shoulders of the noble Lord who was the chief of the revellers at the festive banquet last week. We do not wish to exculpate the other members of the Cabinet from their proper share of censure. On the occasion of a Queen's Speech it is understood that while the Premier is responsible for the whole, each separate Minister contributes the framework of the paragraph which bears upon his special department. Lord Russell is set down to a light *résumé* of the foreign politics of the past year, assisted perhaps by the Oriental imagination of Mr. Layard. Mr. Gladstone's mission is to look after our financial condition and French wines. The Duke of Newcastle does the Colonies,—and it is needless to say that he does them like a man. India, on this day of general massacre, is delivered over to the tender mercies of Sir Charles Wood. Lastly, Lord Palmerston—if we may adopt the expression of Mr. Robert Montgomery—is "the enchanter who helms the harmonious whole." He is responsible for the connection of the isolated passages, for the general supervision of the Speech, and for the tone of piety that should pervade it. It is doubtless by universal consent that he is allowed to be the proper person to write the paragraph about Providence and the future that comes at the end. This being so, her Majesty's last Speech seems not so much the composition of one single hand, as the general result of Ministerial dissipation. It is a frightful illustration of the dangers of the Trafalgar Hotel. The Temperance Society, if they wish to produce a profound impression of the evil effects of—whitebait, have only to print and distribute, without comment, copies of the Royal Message.

Lord Russell's contribution heads the list; and on the whole it deserved to do so, both from the gravity of the subject and from the native gravity of the Minister. It seems to have been thought that if there was one member of the Cabinet who was more likely to resist the influences of a festive scene than another, Earl Russell would be the man. Lord Palmerston, accordingly, put him unhesitatingly in the van, with orders to regret, in the most unimpeachable paragraph he could construct, the melancholy condition of Poland. The result does credit to the sagacity of the manœuvre, which, however, we beg to assure the noble Premier the entire nation can see through. Acting upon a pardonable instinct, and one which is not uncommon on similar occasions, Lord Russell appears to have made up his mind that he could not go wrong if he kept close to his own proper topics—history,

antiquity, and treaties. He led off, therefore—fixing his eyes on the Congress of Vienna—and hoped that the “stipulations” of that Congress would be “carried into execution;” and, indeed, if any “stipulations” could ever be “carried into execution,” every one will agree with him in hoping that the exception may be made in favour of the Poles. The success of the Foreign Office on the Poland paragraph was sufficient to warrant its being entrusted with the next about America. Earl Russell was equal even to this protracted test; though how great was the effort may be seen from the laborious grandeur of circumlocution with which he informs us that the civil war between North and South is “attended with much evil, not only to the contending parties, but also to nations which have taken no part in the contest.” If Lord Russell’s next passage betrays anything to the world, it is merely a natural and modest distrust, which came over him as he wrote, as to the stability of all human footsteps—a distrust that finds vent in a peculiar expression about the Queen. “Her Majesty,” we read, “is taking steps with a view to the union of the Ionian Islands with the kingdom of Greece.” The most that could be expected, at such a festive hour, of anybody, however exalted in station, who proposed taking steps at all, seemed probably to be that the steps should be in some way connected with the direction in which the person meant to go. All generous minds will feel that, in accomplishing these three difficult paragraphs, the Foreign Office had done quite enough. If Lord Russell had stopped here, his reputation would have been safe. The insatiate demon of literary vanity unfortunately suggested to him at this critical moment, that if he had done Poland and America, he could also do Japan and Brazil. It was a lamentable delusion. We are sorry to say that the following is the statement that Lord Russell ventured to make about Japan:—

“Several barbarous outrages committed in Japan upon British subjects have rendered it necessary for her Majesty to demand reparation, and her Majesty hopes that her demands will be conceded by the Japanese Government without its being necessary to resort to coercive measures to enforce them.”

A more unfortunate attempt at constructing an English sentence could hardly be imagined. But it is nothing to what followed, when Lord Russell came to Brazil:—

“The Emperor of Brazil has thought fit to break off his diplomatic relations with her Majesty in consequence of her Majesty not having complied with demands which she did not deem it possible to accede to. Her Majesty has no wish that this estrangement should continue, and would be glad to see her relations with Brazil re-established.”

The air of intoxicated dignity with which the noble Lord here relates the rupture with Brazil, and the virtuous indignation with which he alludes to the Brazilian Emperor’s improper overtures, are worthy of a British matron in distress. It is the tone of Lucretia repelling the advances of Tarquin, and does even more honour to Lord Russell’s heart than head. The tempest does not last long, for the Foreign Office, having bridled up in one sentence, expresses a feminine desire to be reconciled in the next. It would have been a happier conclusion to the storm if Lord Russell had expressed himself with greater simplicity. The disregard of grammar in the earlier portion of the context may be attributed to an outbreak of wounded virtue. But why—as they were the Emperor’s relations that were broken—her Majesty’s relations should be re-established, we are at an entire loss to conceive. Probably this particular expression is due to some mild recollection which may suddenly have flitted across Lord Russell’s mind of the friendly arbitration of the King of the Belgians. Her Majesty’s uncle naturally suggested the idea of her Majesty’s relations. Having begun accidentally with the relations of the Emperor of Brazil, the noble Secretary for Foreign Affairs believed that it was only due to courtesy to give King Leopold a turn.

After so sad an exposure, it seems to have been felt by the other members of the Cabinet that Lord Russell had better at once be taken off bowling. He was accordingly—to judge from the evidence before us—ignominiously suppressed, though there is some reason to infer that he broke out again at intervals towards the conclusion of the Speech. Mr. Gladstone and Sir George Grey came forward to fill the dangerous post; for Mr. Gladstone’s pen is as conspicuous in the threefold reasons given by her Majesty why she thanks the House of Commons for the supplies, as Sir George Grey’s hand is discernible in the allusions to Lancashire distress. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who possibly never tastes anything stronger than Bordeaux, achieved his task most honourably. Sir George Grey began well, but ended with decided symptoms of distress:—

“The distress which the civil war in America has inflicted upon a portion of her Majesty’s subjects in the manufacturing districts, and towards the relief of which such generous and munificent contribu-

tions have been made, has in some degree diminished, and her Majesty has given her cordial assent to measures calculated to have a beneficial influence upon that unfortunate state of things.”

It would be useless cruelty to insist upon knowing to what unfortunate state of things in particular Sir George Grey alluded. Whether it was to the civil war in America, or to the distress inflicted by that war upon our manufacturing districts, or to the fact that the distress in question has in some degree diminished, will never now be known. In all human probability the Home Office itself had only an indistinct conception. Sir George Grey, it may be, was not thinking so much of any particular calamity, as of his own strong impression at the time that something uncomfortable was going on somewhere. Loyalty forbade him to doubt that the measures of the British Legislature would be of great benefit, whatever that something was. The vagueness of the remark was, however, a straw that showed the wind. The rest of the Cabinet, warned by the fatal results of allowing Lord Russell to go on after he showed signs of indiscretion, resolved to nip the Home Office in the bud. The ball—if we may judge from appearances—was promptly handed to the Duke of Newcastle. His tenure of it was short and sweet, though it might have been longer if he had not displayed an uncontrollable desire to imitate the pompous style of Mr. Disraeli, which none of her Majesty’s Ministers at that late period of the evening were at all inclined to tolerate.

“Symptoms of a renewal of disturbances have manifested themselves in her Majesty’s colony of New Zealand; but her Majesty trusts that by wise and conciliatory measures, supported by adequate means of repression, order and tranquillity will be maintained in that valuable and improving colony.”

How measures can be supported by means it is probable that the Duke of Newcastle himself would not, in his calmer moments, venture to explain. But when it came to calling New Zealand “that valuable and improving colony,” the state of his Grace’s mind could no longer be let pass unnoticed. Mr. Disraeli had often been permitted to designate the Emperor Napoleon as “that prince.” But it was with grave concern that Lord Palmerston saw one of his own flock imitating Mr. Disraeli’s Asiatic gambols. It became a serious matter if a Liberal peer was to be allowed to speak of New Zealand as “that colony.” Lord Palmerston turned with dismay to the woollack, where alone true decorum and modesty of language might be found. And here it is right to pause to pay a merited compliment to Lord Chancellor Westbury. He did not take any advantage of the “unfortunate state of things” that was around him. He insulted nobody, and he made no invidious comparisons. His spirit may have been broken by his recent encounter with Mr. Malins. At all events his language, obscure as it may be deemed, is free from bitterness and acrimony. The subject on which he would be expected to dwell would be naturally the reform of the British Statute-book:—

“Her Majesty has given her assent for an Act for the revision of the Statute-books, by the removal of many Acts, which, although they had become obsolete or unnecessary, obstructed the condensation of the Statute Law.”

It would be ungenerous, after the Chancellor’s marked moderation of language, to repay him with any sneering or censorious comments upon this portion of the Address. We should only wish to ask a single question. When Sir Richard Bethell was a humble member of Parliament, it was his duty to go round his borough one general election, for the purpose of soliciting support. His language was so beautiful, and his phrases so admirably balanced, that the electioneering agent who accompanied him is said to have been struck dumb. “How is it, Sir Richard,” he is reported to have asked, “that you, whose pursuits have been in another direction, and whose eloquence might be supposed to be of a more strictly legal nature, have invariably the right word to say to every rough elector?” “Sir,” replied the future Chancellor, “the reason is that from my youth upwards I have ever been accustomed to form my language upon the model of the Old Testament!” It is impossible not to ask in what passage of the Old Testament he ever found such a sentence as we have quoted from the Royal Speech.

The Chancellor having exhausted his powers upon a single remark, and not a remark of a decidedly complicated character, the ball was once more handed on. The fun now became fast and furious. Somebody—we are afraid it must have been Lord Russell—fired by the example of the Duke of Newcastle, insisted upon characterizing the slave-trade, or else its repression (for the language admits of both constructions), as “that most disgraceful crime.” Sir George Grey again gave vent to his feelings on the subject of the effects of the American war on Lancashire—a topic that evidently was running in his head. Lord Grey spoke of “that volunteer force.” Mr. Gladstone once more dwelt on the fact that “our

general commerce with the world at large *had not been materially impaired*—an observation which, if it referred to the consequences of the American struggle, had been made twice before, and if it referred to anything else seems hopelessly unmeaning. Last of all, Sir Charles Wood was ushered on the stage. His subject was of course India. He was not allowed to get farther in his oration than the expression of a hope for the prosperity of “those extensive regions.” If he had said “those expensive regions,” there would have been a quaintness about the term which might have gained him his chief’s permission to proceed. But Sir Charles Wood had naturally abstained from dealing with anything except the most well-known and incontrovertible geographical fact about our Indian empire. Lord Palmerston had listened to “that valuable colony,” “that disgraceful crime,” and “that volunteer force,” with perhaps tolerable equanimity. But Sir Charles Wood’s enormous platitude about “that extensive empire” brought the Queen’s Speech to an abrupt conclusion; Lord Palmerston having solemnly given himself to the composition of the final clause about the Divine blessing. Such as we have described was doubtless the history of the laborious evening when her Majesty’s last Speech was drawn up. All that is to be said is this, that it is to be hoped that the next Queen’s Speech may be drawn up before and not after the whitebait.

THE WENTWORTH PEERAGE.

THE House of Lords sat on Monday last as a Committee of Privileges, to receive evidence in support of peerage claims. Such claims rarely awaken more than a languid interest, and in the majority of the cases considered by the Committee on Monday there was little to arouse attention. The peerage of Balfour of Burley, for which there were two claimants, recalled for a moment the name of the Puritan soldier; but the viscountcy of Netterville, in the peerage of Ireland, may, without contumely, be described as of no interest to any but the owner. Very different was the remaining claim,—that to the barony of Wentworth. The holders of this dignity have been prominent in England from the time it was created by Henry VIII., and its later history is connected with the genius of Byron, and with an episode of eccentric self-will as singular as any to be found in the annals of the peerage.

The first holder of the Barony of Wentworth was one of those worthy persons who in the time of the eighth Henry passed from the rank of country gentlemen to that of a magnate of the land. His coat showed that he was a cadet of the house of Wentworth Woodhouse, from which in after days sprang the great Lord Strafford. He has been said to have been a cordial Protestant, and it is certain that he got some Church lands. It was probably as a safe politician that he was, with five other new peers, summoned by Henry to the Parliament which met in the twenty-first year of the reign. No formal record of the creation of these six barons exists, and the fact is inferred from the entries in the Journal of a session of the same Parliament held five years later. What is more important with reference to the present claim is that these baronies are held to be descendible to heirs female as well as heirs male—in technical language, to heirs general of the original barons. The consequence is that except two which unluckily came to grief at a very early date, they may be said to be indestructible. Occasionally they fall into abeyance when two or more sisters succeed as co-heirs, but an absolute extinction of the whole issue of the parent stocks is almost impossible. The first Lord Wentworth had a troop of sons and he was succeeded in 1550-1 by his eldest, a second Thomas. The second baron was as prudent as his father, but on one notable occasion he was not so fortunate. He duly witnessed the will of Edward VI. giving the succession to Lady Jane Grey; as duly he went over to Mary on the death of her brother, and he carried out the whole duty of man by sitting in judgment on the degraded favourite, Dudley the Duke of Northumberland. Such a faithful servant deserved to be made governor of Calais, but then unluckily he lost it. We are accustomed to look upon poor Mary’s despair as the passionate outburst of an intensely morbid woman; but in fact the fall of Calais roused a storm of indignation throughout England. We may conceive the feeling by imagining the rage which would be felt against the commander who should lose Gibraltar in a war with Spain. Professor Goldwin Smith’s voice might be heard piping above the storm that the loss was a gain, but the commander might think himself lucky if he escaped the fate of Byng. England had held Calais more than 200 years; its possession was the symbol and justification of the style King of England and France and the quartering of the French lilies; when it was lost, the process of English law was strained in a fashion

that can only be paralleled in Sir Bulwer Lytton’s “Strange Story.” An indictment was found against the Lord Wentworth, in his absence, for having traitorously surrendered the town to the French king; his estates were sequestered, and his goods were confiscated. He did not return to England till the death of Mary, when he was formally tried by the Peers and acquitted. He lived to sit himself in judgment on the Duke of Norfolk, and to marry his son to a daughter of Burleigh. An insignificant third baron begot a fourth, who was one of the most gallant supporters of Charles I.; the Earldom of Cleveland marked the King’s sense of the loyalty of his subject. The Earl served the son with the same zeal that he served the father: he fought at Worcester, and, though upwards of sixty, he is said to have come to the battle after twenty-one days’ continuous hard riding. The gallant cavalier had an only son, who died without male issue in his father’s lifetime, so that the earldom became extinct with the first possessor, but the barony descended to the son’s only daughter, a Henrietta Maria, a god-daughter of the Queen. The fair Henrietta was loyal after the fashion of the Restoration. The worthless Monmouth deserted his Scotch wife, the Duchess of Buccleuch, the patroness of the “Last Minstrel,” for the charms of the Lady Wentworth. With a prevision of the doctrine of elective affinities, for which he is rarely credited, he obstinately refused to acknowledge, when in the Tower, the criminality of the connection, and—as even the divines of that age had limits to their complaisance—he went to the scaffold without the last sacraments of the Church. Let it be said to the grace of Henrietta that she did not long survive her lover, but died unmarried in 1686. The barony went to her aunt, the only daughter of the old cavalier, and after passing through two more females, was carried to the family of Noel of Kirkby Mallory. In 1745, Sir Edward Noel took his seat in the House of Lords as Baron Wentworth; but his only son died without male issue, and the barony fell into abeyance between a single daughter, Judith Noel, who married Sir Ralph Milbanke, and the issue of another daughter, Sophia, who had been married to Lord Scarsdale. The issue of Lady Scarsdale became extinct, in 1856, by the death of the late Lord Scarsdale, and the abeyance terminated, the inheritor of the barony being Anne Isabella, the only child of Sir Ralph Milbanke and Dame Judith. Anne Isabella Milbanke was the wife of THE Lord Byron (to use the language of a witness on Monday); and, as all the world knows, the only issue of her unhappy marriage was Ada, “sole daughter of my house and heart,” the late wife of the present Earl of Lovelace. The only surviving son of Lord Lovelace now claims the barony of Wentworth.

The greater part of the evidence adduced in support of the claim was of the ordinary kind; clerks reading extracts from the Lords’ Journals, and vicars and curates producing parish registers, and handing in examined copies, do not afford a very lively spectacle, but the later steps of the pedigree required a different kind of proof. All the world knows, as we have said, that Lady Byron had only one child, but it was necessary that the fact should be proved for the satisfaction of the Committee. The reader of Moore’s Memoirs will remember that when intolerable wrong drove Lady Byron from her husband’s house, Dr. Lushington was her friend and adviser, and the learned judge appeared on Monday at the bar of the House to prove the facts which six-and-forty years’ intimacy and friendship with her qualified him to know. But there were other circumstances on which his testimony was required. The apostle of the grand style, Mr. Matthew Arnold, himself filled with a serene contempt for commonplace life, authoritatively tells us by way of discovery in the last *Cornhill*, that Lord Byron was our great English rebel against commonplace respectability—a Philistine after Professor Arnold’s own heart. Lord Byron’s eldest grandson was a Philistine after another fashion; the late Lord Ockham, the present claimant’s elder brother, rebelled against the stupid dulness of ordinary settled people, and deserting his family and home, was from the age of eighteen to five or six and twenty lost to the world. Last year he returned, but after a short interval died. Rumour invented a thousand ways of accounting for the missing years, the most commonly accepted of which was that the poet’s grandson had, like Peter the Great, taken to working in a dockyard. It is unnecessary to know the history of these Wanderjahre, but it will be seen that the present claimant must prove that his elder brother left no legitimate issue. The difficulty of proving such a negative under the circumstances was of course immense, and both Dr. Lushington and the Earl of Lovelace were examined on the subject. Both deposed that they were firmly persuaded that the late Lord Ockham was never married, and Lord Lovelace added that neither before nor since his son’s death had any one claimed to be his wife. This closed

the case of the claimant, and at this stage the Committee adjourned the consideration of the claim. Until next session the question must remain undecided, but we shall probably then learn whether the claim may be admitted as proved. The matter is not without difficulty, and it may be thought that the counsel for the Crown should have more closely examined the witnesses as to their means of knowledge, but for the present the question must rest.

PENAL SERVITUDE.

WE are glad to find that since last week the *Times* has made up its mind on the question of transportation. Although that form of punishment was recommended by the Lord Chief Justice, the *Times* has now discovered that it cannot be adopted. In spite of the elaborate metaphors of drainage and sewerage, the plan of relieving England of its moral filth by laying down pipes from it to the colonies, especially to Western Australia, is found to be inapplicable. The first answer, then, to the question what shall we do with our criminals, is the negative one that we cannot transport them. That plan could only be applied to the better class of convicts, men drawn from the rural districts and convicted of offences due to the rude turbulence of half-civilized classes. To such men the punishment was nothing, or rather it became an inducement to the commission of crime; whilst to the permanent social nuisance—the professional criminal—the punishment is inapplicable, because no colony will receive him. We cannot, then, transport our criminals. The second answer to the question is of the same negative character. We cannot condemn our convicts to perpetual or indefinite imprisonment. Juries will not convict when their moral sense is offended by the disproportion between the punishment and the crime. This was the lesson taught by the old hanging days, and every one knows that no severity of punishment will deter from crime when the infliction of the punishment becomes uncertain. If, then, we can neither get rid of our convicts abroad nor condemn them to isolation at home, an accumulation of discharged convicts must necessarily happen. The time must come when the convict's punishment is over, and he is turned loose upon society. The only question remains,—Under what condition shall he be discharged? Shall he be sentenced to a fixed term, and then be turned adrift at hazard? or shall the fixed term be subject to a limited addition, which may be abridged or dispensed with if the convict shows habits of industry and regularity, but during which, even if free, he shall be placed under police supervision? This is the true issue, and when simply stated the outcry against the system of penal servitude becomes scarcely intelligible. It is difficult to see how the additional elastic term can do harm even if it does not good. The criminals must return upon society, and there is a chance of their returning in better fashion after they have been led into habits of order and industry. It is said, indeed, that the system has not been understood. If this be so, the fault is with the judges and the organs of public instruction, and should be speedily amended; but we believe the ignorance on the matter is not so great as has been supposed. The outbreak of last year has been brought forward as a proof of the failure of the system. Let us see how the case stands in that respect.

This was the point at which we stopped last week, and at which we have now arrived by a somewhat different process:—What was the cause of the increase of crime in the latter part of 1862? We showed then that the increase could not be due to the failure of the system of penal servitude to impress those who had been subject to it, for the statistics of last year proved that the proportion of reconvicted convicts to the convicts at large had been steadily reduced. It was, however, still possible that those convicted for the first time had been led into crime through a slight opinion of the punishment which might be inflicted upon them. The evidence of Sir Richard Mayne on this obscure question is worth quoting. Sir Richard Mayne is no friend to the ticket-of-leave system—at least as understood by him; for he candidly confesses that, until recently, he did not know upon what conditions tickets of leave were issued. He told the Penal Servitude Commission that the great increase of crime took place in the last six months of 1862. In the first six months of the year the crime had not exceeded the usual amount; but the number of cases of robbery with violence, shown by the Metropolitan Police Returns, which from July to December, 1860, had been 18, and in 1861 had been 17, shot up in 1862 to 82. The increase began from the time of the attack upon Mr. Pilkington, in Waterloo-place. Soon after this statement the following questions were put, and the answers given by him:—

“1583. With respect to that particular form of crime which is commonly called garotting, do you remember that there was an outbreak

of that in the winter of 1862?—Yes; and it is very difficult to account for these states of insecurity which every now and then occur, or an increase in a particular class of crime. I believe that the increase now referred to was mainly owing to one or two remarkable cases, especially that of Mr. Pilkington, which caused so much talk and excitement at the time. That directed the attention of this class of criminals to that particular offence; it was rather from a spirit of imitation, which I have found several times before.

“1584. And the success that attended it?—Yes; in fact the obvious success, if persons were daring enough. I think it also became more generally known among the criminal population that the punishment endured was not a very severe one, and therefore the punishment had not a deterring effect.”

It is clear that the latter part of the second answer involves a wholly different consideration from that involved in the former part and in the first answer. Persons may commit crime, either because they hope to escape detection altogether, or because they think little of the punishment they may suffer; but the considerations are in no way connected with one another. If the second consideration was that which was really operative, why did not other crimes increase in the same proportion as robberies with violence? No answer can be given to this question, and we are driven to the conclusion that the primary cause of the outbreak of last autumn was the belief on the part of criminals that they would escape detection altogether. The case of Mr. Pilkington showed them what was otherwise tolerably clear,—that a sudden attack upon an unsuspecting person, reducing him to a senseless condition, was pretty sure to be undiscovered. The successful thief could quietly walk off, leaving his victim helpless and insensible upon the ground. If we add to this first consideration the imitative spirit which is the well-known characteristic of the class liable to crime, the outbreak of 1862 is intelligibly accounted for. Those who attributed that outbreak to the existence of the system of penal servitude could never tell us why it had not occurred before; nor can they tell us why, when it did occur, it took such a peculiar form. The strong probability that the special crime of 1862 would escape detection when committed explains both circumstances.

Although the ticket-of-leave system thus appears on inquiry to be free from the vices charged against it, the inquiry will prove useful in showing the imperfect manner in which it has been carried out. Sir Richard Mayne frankly confessed that the police in the metropolitan district abstained from all supervision over convicts at large under tickets of leave. He gave orders to that effect to the police, “believing that was the view the Legislature and the authorities desired should be carried out.” The *Times*, in its ignorant condition of a fortnight since, declared that such had been the spirit of our modern legislation, and that Sir Richard Mayne had faithfully interpreted it. The writer is probably now aware that his statement was wholly incorrect. The conditions under which the tickets of leave are issued are endorsed upon them, and involve revocation upon the convicts' mere association with bad characters; whilst the views of the House of Commons were plainly expressed by the Committee of 1856, which recommended a strict enforcement of the conditions under which licences were issued, and also that every convict should be reported to the police of the district where he resides. The truth is that Sir Richard Mayne, when he issued his orders to the police, had never seen a ticket of leave, and was ignorant of the conditions of it; in answer to a question of Sir John Pakington, he said he was not aware that the terms of his order were inconsistent with the endorsement on the licence. What bearing this ignorance had upon Sir Richard Mayne's judgment on the ticket-of-leave system is apparent when we discover that he is himself an advocate of such a system provided strict supervision of the convicts at large be enforced. This is seen in the following evidence:—

“1648. Has it ever occurred to you whether it is desirable, if a law is passed as to supervision, to extend it to persons whose sentences have expired?—I think there might be a sentence of imprisonment and restricted liberty, subject to supervision by the police. Supposing imprisonment and restricted liberty for ten years to be intended, the sentence passed should be for ten years' imprisonment, five years to be remissible on good conduct in prison, but to be spent under supervision. I mention that as the sort of period during which supervision would be really valuable. . . .

“1785. On a balance of considerations, I understand you to be of opinion that there ought to be a period of restricted liberty?—Yes.

“1786. And also that their liberty should really be restricted?—Yes; I think that hitherto it has been of little use, both on account of the shortness of the time and the absence of supervision.”

This evidence, joined to that of Sir Walter Crofton and Mr. Agan, ought to be conclusive, and it forms, in fact, the foundation of the important recommendations of the Committee. The system of Penal Servitude should be carried out in its integrity, and if hitherto it has been open to no sound objection, we may then find it to be as successful here as it has proved to be in Ireland.

COLONEL WAUGH.

COLONEL WAUGH has been heard by the Court of Bankruptcy upon the state of his health and the state of his finances. His account of both is deplorable, but the Commissioner, whose main business is to deal with assets, has steeled his heart against the Colonel's weak eyes and spasmodic affection of the bowels, and has sent him back to Whitecross-street till substantial bail is forthcoming. Fain would we take compassion on a soldier who has served his country three and twenty years, and whose manners denote the well-bred gentleman. But we must side with the Commissioner. We have been looking long for Colonel Waugh's appearance, to enable us to get at the bottom of the gigantic swindle, of whose profit he had the lion's share. Six years ago he decamped, and we learn from him that on four several occasions since then he was within our reach, but managed to give us the slip. Now at last we have him; and though we doubt not that fresh air and unrestrained liberty of action would be beneficial to his health, as it is to most people's, we must keep the prison door barred till we search out the innermost secret of his heart in *re* the London and Eastern Banking Company. For we suspect that with all our commissioners, registrars, assignees, attorneys, and barristers—for in this court the higher branch of the profession gives place in rank to the lower,—we know very little of that rottenness in the affairs of Denmark, which it is their duty to expose and punish. We hear whispers, and pretty loud ones, of how oppositions are "managed" in the Court of Bankruptcy, and how, over hugger-mugger conferences, loopholes are left for the escape of rogues, no doubt for an adequate consideration, were it only a return of friendly offices upon some future occasion. Therefore when we look into Basinghall-street and see the solicitor or counsel for the opposing creditor bullying a notorious bankrupt, let us not hastily infer from his words and looks that his intentions towards him are inimical. It is difficult, indeed, to doubt it, for the actors are well trained, and play their parts better than many on the mimic scene. Perhaps the solicitor is the well-known Mr. Snap, a gentleman with the eyes of a pike, and the mouth of a pugilist; or if the opposition is in the hands of a member of the upper branch of the profession, the bully may be the unknown Mr. Slang, who looks uncommonly like a potboy who has borrowed his wig and gown from the Judge and Jury Club. But though they bully to the life, don't be too ready to believe them. They are in all probability "in" with the bankrupt's solicitor. They have been appointed at his request; and, after a decent show of fight, the notorious bankrupt and his defalcations will slip quietly down a trap-door, and Millbank be robbed of a tenant. Let us then hold Colonel Waugh fast now that we have got him. He is not the only traitor to the public in this huge swindle, and we should be glad to know, as fully as possible, the share which he and his brother directors have had in it.

The Colonel's examination upon Tuesday throws some light upon the matter. In the first place, let us deal with that famous property, Branksea Island. We know that many, if not most of the directors of the Banking Company, acted and borrowed the funds of the Company without having qualified. But it was requisite that they should have some show of basis for their transactions, and Branksea Island was hit upon as eligible for this purpose. To qualify it thoroughly a surveyor's estimate of its value must be had, and there is some reason for believing that Mr. Stephen Neal, "civil engineer," was recommended to Colonel Waugh by the Bank to survey and estimate the value of the island. Never was there a more flattering report. Branksea was rich in "plastic" clays, capable of yielding endless supplies of such choice alumina that the purest alum, worth £11 per ton in the market, could be raised and prepared for the market for £3 per ton, leaving the splendid profit of £8 upon every ton sold. Sir Mulberry Hawk was not a greater master of arithmetic than Mr. Neal. You had only to spend £5,000 on the necessary buildings and machinery in order to turn the island into an El Dorado. There was no doubt about it. His calculations, "based upon truly scientific principles," showed that the poorest clays in the island yielded 25 per cent. of alumina. Assuming, as a *minimum*, that there were only 20,000,000 tons of these clays, and allowing one-half for consumption by the pottery-works, and the other half, or 10,000,000, for the manufacture of alum; the latter quantity, at only 10s. per ton, would yield a sum of £5,000,000 sterling as the money value of that quantity of the *raw material only*. But, by the aid of due proportions of sulphuric-acid and water, a ton of alumina would make three tons of alum, and the five millions would thus swell into fifteen. By another series of calculations, "based upon truly scientific principles," Mr. Neal showed that the works must yield from thirty to forty thousand per annum; and the only thing to be feared was that

time might be lost and this precious profit delayed. Having thus made his calculations on a *minimum* estimate of the resources of the island, Mr. Neal triumphantly turned to the *maximum*, and showed that instead of 20,000,000 tons of clay, there could not be a less quantity in the aggregate than from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000, which, "at the very lowest possible calculation," must be worth from £30,000,000 to £40,000,000 sterling. And the beauty of it was, that this was no mere random estimate, which might turn out to be baseless—no air-blown bubble of a visionary speculator. From first to last it was a certainty; a mine of infallible wealth, unless a wilful and perverse generation should obstinately refuse to realize it. The directors of the bank were not such pig-headed brutes. They cheerfully advanced £50,000 upon Branksea, and received from the Colonel a promise that if the alum answered his expectations he would pay 10 per cent. for the loan.

There is something so scandalous in the advance of such a sum of money on such a security, that we have no words strong enough to condemn the conduct of the directors in making it. It appears that Mr. Neal, the "civil engineer," was by profession a chemist and druggist, and at the time of making his report upon the value of Branksea was an inspector of nuisances. But it is doubtful whether the directors took even the slight precaution of directing his loose inquiry into the value of Branksea, or of securing a mortgage upon it. Colonel Waugh seems to have obtained his first loan of £50,000 upon the same security as that upon which, on Tuesday, he asked to be released from prison—"the word of a soldier." But there is something in the facts which his last examination brought to light even worse than this. Colonel Waugh was one of the trustees of the Beddington estate, of which Mr. Carew, his wife's son, was the *cestui que trust*. We read in the minutes of proceedings at the directors' meetings, that the Colonel attended with his solicitor and promised to raise £120,000 on the mortgage of the Beddington estate, the greatest part of which sum would be placed in the bank to the credit of his account. How could men of business listen to such a proposition and not see the obvious impropriety of entertaining it? Colonel Waugh had no more right to the estate than the directors. His promise was on the face of it tainted with suspicion. They knew him to be only a trustee of the property, yet they accepted his offer to place the proceeds of its sale to his account. As honest men they were bound to ascertain that he had a legal and a moral right to make such a disposition of his stepson's property before they consented to receive it in part liquidation of his debt. That fact could not be ascertained by only hearing his own statement. Yet the directors required nothing more. The promised subsidy which was to be derived from Mr. Carew's property never came to hand. But it was no fault of theirs, or the Colonel's, that it did not. He was ready to give it, so at least he said. They were quite ready to receive it, and ask no questions. They wanted money, and would take it, no matter how it came to them. They were anxious to declare a dividend, and nine days afterwards they resolved to do so. Ten days later they wrote to their shareholders as follows:—

"London and Eastern Banking Corporation,
27, Cannon-street, London, Jan 19, 1857.

"Dear Sir,—The directors having carefully examined the books of the bank, made up to the 31st of December last, and ascertained the profit, after deducting all expenses and making due allowance for bad debts, to have been upwards of 12 per cent. per annum, made during the past six months, have this day declared the usual dividend of 6 per cent. per annum, for which, by their order, I have the pleasure to hand you the usual warrant.

"Yours truly,

"J. E. STEPHENS, General Manager.

"C. J. MORRIS, Chairman."

At the date of this letter the affairs of the bank were in an utterly hopeless condition. Colonel Waugh had obtained from the bank nearly the whole of the subscribed capital, and nearly three times the amount of the paid-up capital. Many of the directors had feathered their nests very handsomely. We ask, who is to be punished for this swindle? Is all our vengeance to light upon Colonel Waugh? Certainly let him pay the penalty of his crimes. But how about his accomplices?

ROBINSON CRUSOE AT SEA.

CATULLUS, say his biographers, went, when a young man, to Bithynia, to seek his fortune under the prætor Memmius. He did not find what he sought, and, being reduced to the extreme of poverty, was obliged to get back to Italy as best he could. He therefore embarked on the Euxine in a small open pinnace, in company with his favourite brother, and trusted to the winds and waves to carry him safely to his distant home. The brother died

on the coast of Troy, and the poet from that point proceeded alone. Through the narrow pass of the Bosphorus and the land-locked waters of the Sea of Marmora—between the poetic shores of the Hellespont into the island-studded expanse of the Ægean—round the southern and western limits of Greece, and so up the Adriatic to the mouth of the Po, and by the Po itself and the Mincio to the promontory of Sirmio on Lake Benacus (or, as it is now called, Garda)—did the poet-navigator guide his fragile little galley, until he once more reached the home which he has hailed in rapturous and immortal verses. And there he dedicated the bark that had brought him through so many perils to Castor and Pollux; and, laying it up in the calm waters of the lake, took his friends from time to time to see it, and wrote poetry in its honour.

"The bark, my friends, which you see here,
Will tell you that it had no peer;
And that no skiff that swam the main
Could get before it, strain for strain,
Whether it flew with sail or oar.
And this, it says, not Adria's shore,
With all its bluster, can deny;
Nor that Ægean company,
Nor glorious Rhodes, nor savage Thrace,
Nor Hellespont with either face,
Nor the tremendous Pontic Bay,—
Where, till it took its watery way,
It was a thing of sylvan locks,
And used on the Cytorian rocks
To hiss and talk with windy hair."

The memory of this romantic voyage (in which we do not believe) has been preserved for eighteen centuries; mainly, no doubt, because he who boasted of it was a man of genius, whose name and actions are perennially interesting. But within the last few days a humble Englishman has performed an equally surprising feat, the record of which should be preserved, as a fine instance of our island skill on the open seas. The small seaport of Brixham, situated on the western side of Torbay, and celebrated in history as the spot where William of Orange landed in 1688, is chiefly remarkable at the present day for its fisheries, and is the abode of a large seafaring population. One of that amphibious race is Clement Pine, the hero of this story. The Brixham fishers often go far in pursuit of their trade; and Pine, a few weeks back, found himself at Sunderland. He had had very bad fortune, and his ill luck was completed by the loss of his fishing-gear. Being thus reduced to poverty, he was obliged to sell the trawling-sloop in which he had come from his Devonshire home. He was six hundred miles by sea passage from his own part of the coast, and had no friends in Sunderland to help him back. Accordingly, with the money he was enabled to raise by the sale of the sloop, and of everything else he possessed, he purchased a small boat, of which the extreme length, according to the *Western Morning News* (our authority for the story), is nineteen feet, and which is so simply and slightly constructed that it has neither deck nor cuddy. This little shallop he provisioned with a quarter of a stone of biscuit, two pounds of bacon, one ounce of coffee, and a gallon and a half of fresh water. A box of matches and a compass completed his equipment. Thus poorly furnished, he committed himself to the perilous ocean, as Robinson Crusoe might have done had he determined to try and work his way back from the desert island to Hull in an open canoe. Starting from North Sunderland on Thursday, July 9th, at noon, Pine reached Hartlepool about the same time on the following day. The voyage up to that point had not been very propitious; and for a moment the venturesome mariner thought of turning back. But this mood soon passed, and he again set sail. New misfortunes, however, awaited him. The sprit of his little craft was carried away in Boston Deep by a strong south-easter, and in this disabled state he struggled on to Dover, which he reached by the middle of Monday, the 13th. Here he gave himself a little rest, passing the night on shore, and while staying in the town fell in with some trawlers, who strongly urged him not to persist in his attempt, or, at least, to suffer himself to be taken in tow by one of their vessels. His pride, however, was probably by this time enlisted on the side of his feat, and he determined to go on alone. On the following morning he was up betimes, and once more solitarily afloat, watching the heavens and the waves, and steering his course for Newhaven, in Sussex. This place he reached the same day, and, after stopping there a short time, pushed on again on his westward course. At Ryde, Isle of Wight, he made rather a long stay, viz., from the middle of Friday, the 17th, to the middle of Sunday, the 19th. On Monday, the 20th, he arrived at Portland, and was becalmed the whole night. At Teignmouth, which was made on Tuesday, the 21st, the brave little sailing-boat got on a bar of sand, and stuck there until flood-tide. This, however, was the last of Pine's misadventures. On the

evening of Wednesday, the 22nd, the welcome harbour of Brixham came in sight, and the courageous sailor was soon among his old companions, who at first could hardly believe the story of his voyage. His exploit will doubtless be a tradition along the Devonshire coast for generations to come, and, if Pine were a poet, he might emulate the marine verses of Catullus, or consecrate his frail vessel to Neptune, who is certainly as much a British deity as ever he was a Greek or Roman.

The difficulties of the journey had been not a few. The poor fellow's provisions were insufficient for the time which the voyage necessarily consumed; and had it not been for an occasional catch of ling and haddock, and the kindness of many persons at the various ports at which he touched, Pine would have fared ill indeed. As it was, he fared but roughly. "His mode of cooking," we are told, "was quite in keeping with his novel adventure; his apparatus consisting of some old iron hoops bound together with wire, and placed on the stones that constituted his ballast." But such difficulties do not deter such men. Pine is just the sort of fellow to make a desert island habitable by improvising rough substitutes for the comforts of a civilized home out of fragments of wreck, shells of fish, and the natural products of the soil.

There is not, perhaps, much similarity between the voyage thus performed from point to point of our own coast, and that from Bithynia to Northern Italy which is fabled of the Roman poet. Both navigators were alone in an open boat; both traversed several hundred miles of ocean. But, although the Englishman had the summer season in his favour, the seas that circle our northern island are for the most part rough and menacing. He had nothing to protect him either from rain or cold; and at night the winds must have come nippingly over the black expanse of waves. There is something grand in the figure of that lonely man guiding his little cockle-shell of a boat over six hundred miles of brine; living from hour to hour with no other company than the eternal sea and sky; tacking every now and then to meet the varying wind; watching with the steady eye of an old salt the signs of the weather and the flight of the clouds; seeing the rising and the setting of the sun where there was no intervening object to diminish the glory of those majestic movements—the darkening of the seas beneath the advance of night, and the slow approach of dawn; once in a way putting into some port for rest and human companionship, and then again setting sail, alone, yet cheerful and resolved. The spirit which can do such things—and that not for gain or credit, but for sheer love of home—is one of the secrets of England's greatness. We are the first maritime power in the world; and we shall continue to be so while we breed such masters of the ocean. A Plymouth waterman, a little while ago, made a voyage of three hundred and forty miles in an open boat, for a bet. He is now far surpassed by the Brixham fisher; and there can be no doubt that there are many more who could do the same. Nelson liked to man his vessels with the fishermen of the coast; and, indeed, they are possessed of some of the finest qualities of our race—courage, self-reliance, simple piety, and humanity. Muscular Christians may point to the bullies of the prize ring as the best representatives of our manliness; we prefer the class to which Clement Pine belongs, and which in our hour of danger gives us heroes, and the men whom Nelson led.

WHY WAS THERE NO VERDICT IN THE ROUPELL CASE?

It has not unfrequently been made matter of reproach against the administration of the law in England, that it seeks rather to give both parties an equal chance of success, than to favour the ascertainment of truth. There is no doubt some foundation for the charge. Many of the rules of our criminal procedure seem devised, not for the purpose of protecting the innocent or of detecting the guilty, but for the giving to the guilty a hope of escape. On no other ground could we have resisted so long the change proposed by Lord Brougham, of allowing the accused the option of giving evidence; for it is only because it is felt that a declinature of the option would be half a confession of guilt, that our lawyers are averse to admit such an engine of discovery of the real facts. But our tenderness to fraud is not confined to criminal cases. Why, but for the legal notion of giving fair play to chicane, should we have suffered from the nuisance of this monster trial at Chelmsford, which has just resulted in no verdict at all? Some half-hundred witnesses were examined, many more were subpoenaed and in attendance, but the two who were pre-eminently competent to tell the truth were scrupulously excluded by both sides. In a question turning to a great extent on the private habits and secret inten-

tions of an old man, his widow was not called; but the jury was left to grope for the truth among a mass of suppositions founded on chance expressions let fall in the presence of careless and indifferent third persons. And in a question which turned absolutely on the inquiry whether the old man's illegitimate son had forged or not, the solicitor who was the confidential adviser of the son, who prepared the very deeds to which the signature, forged or genuine, was appended, who raised money on these deeds for the son's behoof, who found that they were viewed with suspicion by one man to whom he applied for advances, but who yet was the agent in procuring advances from others—who, in fact, must have been the one person who could have thrown most light on the question whether the self-accused forger was a liar when he forged, or only became a liar when he said that he had forged,—this all-important witness was not put into the box by either party. Why this abstinence, is of course a matter for which we cannot pretend to offer the real reason. It may have lain only in the general principle of the laws of evidence in this country, which prevents a party from throwing doubts on the veracity, except in certain limited instances, of a witness called by himself, and gives to the cross-examiner greater powers for eliciting the truth than are allowed to the first examiner. Thus it is possible that the one side feared to produce witnesses whose general tendency would they knew be hostile, and whom they could not confute by the test of a cross-examination; while the other side was not desirous to expose witnesses, however favourable, to the rigorous inquisition of their opponents. These are possible reasons founded upon well-known legal rules—more occult reasons may of course have strengthened or superseded them. But without asking now whether such general principles of the law of evidence are proper, it may surely be suggested that at least they should not be inflexible. They may sometimes be required to protect an honest witness from unfair treatment—and we at least shall not seek to weaken such a bulwark. But their application should have limits, and the judge should have power to modify them when the obvious interests of justice require it. Why should not the Judge in this case have had power to call, of his own motion, witnesses so essential as Mrs. Roupell and Mr. Whitaker, and to put to them such questions as might appear to him proper for eliciting the real facts? It is impossible to suppose that in the hands of an English judge such a power would be abused, and it is very evident that without it a solemn trial becomes only a solemn game, in which each side seeks only to win by fair means or foul, and perverts the rules of justice to the purposes of confusing truth and concealing falsehood.

Nor let it be said that this is a matter affecting only the parties. It affects the State and the individual members of the public, both in regard to pecuniary considerations and in the far higher regard of the credit of our laws and national principles. We pay our judges and officers of the law large salaries, not, certainly, that their time may be occupied for a week together in presiding over ingenious shuffling of cards. We impose upon men of business the duty of giving up a portion of their working time to an inquiry into affairs not in the least affecting them; but we certainly do not demand this sacrifice only to give a legal whitewash in the dim twilight to transactions which the parties are afraid to bring forth to the broad light of day. The honest sense of the jury in the Roupell trial must have told them that they were not only unworthily but most unreasonably dealt with, in being compelled by the State to sit for eight days listening to details half disclosed, to accept wild hypotheses in room of facts, to take bad evidence when good evidence was accessible, and then to declare upon their solemn oath whether the pea was under Serjeant Shee's or Mr. Bovill's thimble. It concerns all present and future jurymen to set their faces against such dishonourable attempts to mystify and delude, and to demand that if they give their time and attention to settle their neighbours' quarrels, they shall do so in the interest of truth, and not subject to the exclusion of the truth. But yet more does it concern the nation. How can we expect honesty in transactions between man and man, if the law does not demand honesty even in courts of justice? How can we continue to pass laws for repressing mercantile fraud, if we permit judicial fraud? How can we look for a high standard of honour in private life, if in the courts of the Sovereign, the fountain of honour, we allow her justices to preside gravely over contests of quibbling and roguery, in which avowedly truth is not merely disregarded but is carefully shut out? As a nation we pride ourselves, and in some respects justly, on our regard to truth; and it is high time that we should, if we would preserve that character, see to it that our lawyers are no longer permitted under the cover of ancient legal rules to belie in

the highest places and on the most solemn occasions our name for fair and open dealing.

We may, indeed, besides this great lesson, draw from the Roupell case some other instructive suggestions. For example, the jury remarked that it would have been well if the witnesses as to the signatures had been out of the court till they were put into the witness-box. This is a proposition so self-evident, and so applicable to all the witnesses in every trial, that we can only wonder that the contrary system has so long endured. It is, indeed, in the power of the judge, on an application by either party, to order the witnesses out of court. But instead of being exceptional, the practice should certainly be universal, and as a matter of course. The most honest witness is liable to be unconsciously biased by hearing from the mouth of counsel what he is expected to depose to, and to substitute the recollection of the witnesses who have preceded him for his own proper recollection. And it needs not to be shown how material an advantage is given to a dishonest witness by the opportunity of hearing beforehand what has been said by others, and adapting his own testimony to the confirmation, refutation, or evasion of the statements made by his predecessors.

Another valuable hint may be drawn from the circumstance that, though Roupell alleged that he had forged his father's name, he did not attempt to forge the witnesses' names, and that they, on being called, proved that they had not seen the old man execute the deed to which, by a bit of sleight of hand, the young man had procured their apparent attestation. Had the document not been a deed, but a will, this want of proper attestation would have been at once fatal, and the case would have been at an end. Now it is certainly not easy to see why the law should require certain forms, and the presence of witnesses, as essential to the validity of a will, which must often be prepared in extreme haste and in the absence of legal advisers, and not demand the same securities in the case of a deed, for which there is in general ample time. The law indeed goes further in absurdity. Not only does a deed not need witnesses, but it actually does not need signature. A seal is the essence of a deed, and if sealed it is valid although not signed by any one. But the seal, as we all know, is commonly a wafer, affixed by the law stationer. Surely we may say it is high time to get rid of this memorial of a period when nobody except a priest could write his name, and to ask our lawyers to transfer the "solemnities" of a deed, which give it such privilege and preference over every other document, from the fiction of the wafer-seal to the fact of a deliberate and duly attested signature. Three forgeries will thus be made imperative instead of one, and the difficulty of the task will add largely to the security of the public, over and above the gain to common sense from the change.

A PLEA FOR OUR SCHOOLBOYS.

SCHOOLBOYS are a delightful subject of contemplation—at a distance. The City man, who grubs day by day at his desk, feels a thrill of pleasure when he hears that Jack is coming home "to-morrow" for the holidays, and he anticipates renewing his youth once more in the smart young fellow who has been living for the last six months in an atmosphere of cricket, football, and fives. To be near the ingenuous schoolboy is to be once more near nature, which he has almost forgotten in his daily struggle with the cunning two-legged bipeds he has to contend with in daily life. So he thinks, and so we all think towards the latter end of the half-year, when the schoolboy himself is counting up the weeks to breaking-up day, and gladdens his heart by singing to himself:—

"This day two months I shall be
Out of the bonds of slavery,"

as boys are wont to do at school.

The contemplation of the schoolboy—the ideal schoolboy—is truly delightful when he is far away, and we only know of his existence by the huge cakes which are forwarded monthly to him in the interest of the apothecary; but we are afraid that we metropolitans, when he does come home, speedily find that we have enough of him. The first burst of holiday upon us is well enough; we wonder and admire the rough gambols of the great Newfoundlandish youth that rushes about the house, and thunders up and down the stairs in huge clump-boots. Maternal love declares that "it makes the house alive," or that you can't be lonely where there are children. After a time, however, the too frequent appearance of the glazier, and the complaints of the housemaid, that Master John will play fives against the drawing-room wall, begin to remind you that you have an animal under your roof that is rather unmanageable. Boys will be boys, maternal love interposes in

an apologetic tone, and things get on from bad to worse, until we are heartily glad to pack Master Jack off once more to school.

This, as far as we can see, is the brief course from ardent love to hard words our schoolboys have to undergo, when home for the holidays in this great metropolis. Why is this, we ask? What happier sight can there be than youth at its sports? Poor Hood saw all the poetry of the schoolboy's life in that sad dream of Eugene Aram:—

"'Twas in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool."

We can all recognize the charm of the picture, but unfortunately in our great cities, and especially in the metropolis, we have no means of realizing it. Grave men as we are, we can be boys with the best of them, given the time and the season; but, unfortunately, in the majority of cases their playtimes and ours are fearfully out of joint. Our great public schools keep pretty good time with the Universities, and allow of a long vacation running deep into the autumn. The proprietary colleges work in accord with this arrangement of holidays; consequently the boys of the "Upper Ten Thousand" can have a run by the seaside with the "governor," or can do their "outing" with him abroad. When this is the case, all is as it should be. We cannot estimate too highly the privilege of joining in the amusements, or sharing the holiday with our children. How different a being the happy father and his boys at play is, to the same individual returning home tired and beaten, anxious about the cares and burdens of the day, and worn out from physical exhaustion. To him the boy is a nuisance; to the boy the father is little better than a brute, always finding fault and out of temper.

It is, then, on behalf of a very large class of irascible fathers and tiresome sons that we wish to plead. Why, we ask, are they out of joint and out of temper with each other? Simply because the pedagogues of our private schools will persist in giving the holiday at a time of the year which is utterly impracticable to the working world at large; for private schools—and be it remembered they educate more than two-thirds of the middle class youth—break up as a rule on the 16th or 17th of June, and "segregate," to use the term of a priggish schoolmaster in the *Times* the other day, about the first week in August. Now this arrangement throws every one out. The family have had to endure for six weeks the mischievous tricks and awkward gambols of the hobbledehoy fresh home from the playground, who makes an abortive attempt to carry on his games in a small-roomed house in town, and failing to do so, votes home a bore. The boy, just as he is reduced to the lowest stage of wretchedness by enforced idleness, and just as he is preparing to return to school, sees the family getting ready to take their holiday by the sea-side. Could any arrangement be more tantalizing or worse than this, or one demanding more urgent reform? There can be little doubt that the plan our public and proprietary schools adopt is by far the best, both in an educational and social point of view. Three terms, broken up by holidays, are far better for the brain than the two long terms adopted by our private schools. Our best public teachers have recognised the fact that more is to be got out of a lad by giving him the maximum of holiday and the minimum of work; and we can ourselves see the advantage of taking our holiday with our boys, instead of leaving them to their own resources in this great Babel, where they cannot even enjoy the benefit of the companionship of their fellow-schoolboys, divided as their homes are in "this province covered with houses."

The proprietary schools are carrying into the great provincial towns the customs of the public schools, and we hope that our private schools and commercial academies will see the advantage of following suit. Of old it was only the sons of the gentry who took their "outings" with their families; but now the fashion has penetrated to the classes immediately beneath them, and facilities should be afforded for their doing so, by arranging that the vacation should fall at a time when all the world is out of town. Is there no philanthropist who will take up the cause of the boys of England? Where is Tom Brown? Although his old associations are with public schools, yet he is far too liberal-minded to confine his sympathies to any particular class or condition of the great school-boy fraternity he has done so much to charm and to improve. As far as we can see, there would be no opposition to this very necessary reform, inasmuch as the schoolmasters suffer as much from it as the parents of their pupils and the pupils themselves. That the boys would like it we have the assurance of one themselves, whose letter, to be found in another column, first

opened our eyes to the very aggravating state of things under which they are suffering. Let us hope, then, for a speedy change in the arrangement of the summer holiday, which will transform "that tiresome Tom" into a happy schoolboy, and grumpy papa into a contented Paterfamilias, who enjoys his youth over again in the sports of his children.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "LONDON REVIEW."

DEAR SIR,—Being a boy myself, and therefore quite ready to stick up for the rights and privileges of that amiable class, perhaps I may be pardoned if I say a few words on the subject of our vacations. Why in the name of reason cannot they have the holidays a little later here? I see all the schools in London are only just breaking up and to make it more tantalizing, just as I go back to school. The schoolmasters are sensible persons in London, and I only wish their brethren in the country would follow their example. Why not? It is a question I think all fellows have asked themselves, and with Lord Dundreary (who by the bye I went to see last Christmas), may exclaim, "It's a thing no fellah can understand." The present arrangement like others has its advantages to be sure. We break up in June, and it is a shorter time to look forward to from Easter, than if they were in July; but on the other hand, if we come back on the 5th or 6th of August, a long time ensues before Michaelmas comes on, and we poor beggars have to look forward to week after week of fog and no holidays, for a confoundedly long space of time. And now let us look at the prospect of this unhappy member of society, if he be, like myself, about that age which is termed "Hobbledehoy." Too old to think himself a little boy, and therefore to play with his juniors, and just young enough not to be thought a man, and therefore, not to associate with his elders—when in short he remains just half way, an unpleasant medium between the two parties. Generally it is my desire to seem like a man, dress like a swell, and speak like a sage, but in each of these things I most dismally fail, and I end, where I begin, a miserable fifteen-year-old. Ah, Mr. Editor! can you suggest anything by which my solitude could be enlivened? True, I've seen,—but I am straying from my subject. These early vacations bring in their train a variety of inconveniences which otherwise might have been avoided; for instance,—our family are going to the seaside, as usual; but as I go back to school just when my father has a little time to spare, I am not granted that pleasure, and, I must say, I consider it a regular chouse. I am reminded by my governor of the old proverb, "You cannot have your cake and eat it too;" therefore, as I have had my holidays whilst the later schools are at work, I must work while the later schools are at play. They can go by the seaside—they can enjoy their holidays; but I cannot, for the simple reason, that I am obliged to stay in town during my vacation. But there are more inconveniences than these which I have mentioned, viz., the dreariness and monotony about the early vacations which cannot be got rid of; for where is the change from the chimney-pots, house-tops, and smoke, that are so awfully universal throughout this vast metropolis; and if you live in the country, where is the variety in the green fields, trees, with perhaps a few cows to finish it off? I ask the question to nobody in particular, but just to the world in general, in order that something might be done to help us poor wretches from the hand of the des—, I beg pardon!—the schoolmasters. Why cannot something be managed by which we could be converted into useful members of society, instead of what we are at present—great nuisances to those around us, and to ourselves? Apologising for trespassing so much on your space, I remain, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

A SCHOOLBOY.

THE QUEEN AND THE MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM.

THE decency with which the people's sense of propriety has not been strong enough to invest our public amusements will, we trust, be secured by the strong expression of opinion which has just proceeded from the Throne. We are not accustomed to hear from her Majesty a remonstrance against the acts of her people, and we believe that this is the only occasion on which she has felt it her duty to speak in any terms but those of commendation and encouragement of any movement or event which has concerned their lighter or more serious interests. But if she has departed for a moment from the reserve which becomes both the exalted dignity of her state and the community of thought and feeling which has ever existed between her and the people she has so happily ruled, the act is one which will not only command the approval of the vast majority of her subjects, but will, we doubt not, upon reflection, obtain the respect of those who have taken part in the exhibitions she condemns. It has been a question of grave consideration whether—dangerous as they are in their very nature, and numerous as are the catastrophes which have resulted from them—the Legislature should not be called upon to put a stop to them by positive enactment. Let us hope that it will not hereafter be necessary to agitate this question. Let us hope that her Majesty's desire will be of itself a law to the people who owe to her wisdom and patriotism so many of the political and social ameliorations which have distinguished her reign; and that their reverence for her person and their loyalty to her rule will turn them from those depraved tastes which have exhibited their rapid progress and demoralizing character so recently and so painfully.

The letter which, by the Queen's command, has just been

addressed to the Mayor of Birmingham shows how deeply her Majesty has been affected by the shocking death of Madame Genevieve, and the cruel indifference of the persons who, after so dreadful an occurrence, could keep up and enjoy their festivities. She has read the account of the fatal accident with pain; she "cannot refrain from making known her personal feelings of horror that one of her subjects—a female—should have been sacrificed to the gratification of the demoralising taste, unfortunately prevalent, for exhibitions attended with the greatest danger to the performers." "Were any proof wanting," continues the letter, "that such exhibitions are demoralising, I am commanded to remark that it would be at once found in the decision arrived at, to continue the festivities, the hilarity, and the sports of the occasion, after an event so melancholy." The Queen calls upon the Mayor and people of Birmingham to use their influence "to prevent in future the degradation to such exhibitions of the park, which was gladly opened by her Majesty and the beloved Prince Consort, in the hope that it would be made serviceable for the healthy exercise and rational recreation of the people." That gracious act has undoubtedly given the Queen a right to protest, in the firm and noble language of this letter, at least against the repetition of a scene so disgraceful in a park which has received her royal sanction and that of the late Prince Consort. But she derives a still higher authority from that patriotic love and care of her people, which cannot but be deeply wounded by conduct which renders any portion of them unworthy of their country.

Let us hope, then, that we have now seen the last of these disgraceful exhibitions. It becomes the duty of all who would pay to the throne the reverence it has in her Majesty's reign so pre-eminently deserved, to protest against them, and to discourage them by every means in their power. The Queen, as she ever does, has nobly performed her duty. The nation, we are sure, will not prove unworthy of so illustrious an example.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE PANIC.

THE Stock Exchange has undergone a panic second to none witnessed there the last five years. The approach of a collapse like that which has been experienced the last few days will not, however, have taken many persons by surprise. For the last month or so it has been quite evident that the markets have been overweighted; first, by the enormous number of new schemes introduced, and secondly, by the dangerous character of the transactions entered into by the host of petty operators who have here been able to obtain credit to gamble in foreign stocks; and these two causes combined have, more or less, conspired to occasion this reaction which has so prejudicially affected quotations. Everybody—even the most sanguine of the speculators themselves—must have been quite aware that the alteration would, sooner or later, take place; and although many have arranged for the emergency, it was difficult to decide, looking at the prospects of the harvest and the general supply of money, at what period and under what circumstances a revulsion would, in reality, occur. It turns out that the question of peace or war with Russia on the arrangement of the Polish difficulty has been the point which has tested the state of the markets for general securities; but more especially those in which the late great current of time bargains has been sustained, and the fever-height of premium-hunting has been encouraged. Although, of course, regret must be felt for individual losses or for any failures that may arise through the fall in the several stocks and shares, still the beneficial effect that will be exercised, not only in the neighbourhood of Capel-court and Bartholomew-lane, but throughout the country itself, will fully compensate for any such temporary inconvenience or sacrifice.

The panic, which may truly be said to have commenced on Monday and continued throughout Tuesday and Wednesday, can hardly now be regarded as terminated. The state of business has become more tranquil, the fluctuations in prices are less, and the excessive fall has been arrested; but, nevertheless, the unhealthy symptoms are so prominent that it will be requisite for the brokers and dealers who have the command of several of these markets to show great vigilance in superintending the conduct of future engagements, or we shall speedily have a recurrence of the wild scenes of confusion just passed through. One event that has taken place has in a measure, perhaps, checked the further decline for the moment, viz., the arrangement of the half-monthly account; and it has afforded numbers the desired opportunity, seeing the danger and the risk by which they have been surrounded, of bringing the operations of their clients to a conclusion. They have, no doubt, acted very wisely, and may, if further retrogression follows, save themselves through this course from extremely heavy losses, a large proportion of the speculators including foreigners, who, so long as profits are to be received, will accept them, but who, immediately a balance appears on the other side, either make an ordinary default or buy out altogether. It must be remembered that a great deal of the business in the course of the last six months has been in Greek, Turkish Consolidés, Spanish, and Mexican. These have constituted

the stock-in-trade of the high and low, the rich and poor, among the fraternity visiting the precincts of 'Change, and the temporary nooks and alleys in which those secret and mystical transactions are carried on. It would not be difficult to indicate where the speculative Lords and M.P.'s might have been found during that period, for if they were not company-mongering or striving to secure goodly allotments of high premium shares, they readily entered into financial dissipation by buying a few thousand Kaimés or Greeks for the rise. The close of the session and hurried departures for the Continent have sent these birds of passage on their way in other directions, and consequently the markets have been left with the rag-end of the multitude to support them, prices meanwhile having been carried to a most dangerous height. It was not to be supposed they could be sustained at this dizzy pinnacle, and therefore the first slight sand crack in the foundation has brought the whole fabric tumbling about the ears of those interested, naturally much to their chagrin and disappointment. Tracing the current of prices, and noting the effect of the fall of one security upon the other, will show to the meanest comprehension the close identity of the movement. It is necessary, in order to exhibit the progress of this special reaction, to intimate that though Consols and railway shares were in a slight manner affected by the drop in values when it was first apparent, they soon recovered their equilibrium—a circumstance proving that as investing and permanent securities their position could not long be compromised. The earliest decline was in Spanish Passives and Spanish Certificates. The Cortes having concluded their sitting, and the hopes of the Anglo-French party of a speedy settlement of these claims having subsided, there was little more to be expected until October, when fresh negotiations will be commenced. The quotation having temporarily drooped was again buoyed up by the attempted strength of the Dutch and French Hebrews to carry over; but these principally consisting of third and fourth-rate individuals, they could not well succeed. Turkish Consolidés, ever since they attained the high quotation of 51 or 52, have since presented a very healthy appearance. The first-class houses who were fortunate enough to introduce them, and who carried the price from 29 to 38 or 40, had the sound sense to retire when that advance was reached. Latterly the small speculators have also taken these up; and having succeeded in forcing the price to the greater elevation, were content to pay enormous rates of "continuation," in anticipation of the value going to 60. Faith in the accomplishment of this object was placed in the speedy promulgation of the Ottoman Budget, which it was averred would show the most startling progress; but alas it has never yet officially appeared, and the latest discouraging reports were that it was undergoing the undignified process of "cooking," with the view of "making things pleasant." Greek stock and Greek coupons advanced to a price beyond all precedent, in the first place, through the quiet and peaceable conduct of the revolution; and, in the second place, in consequence of the selection of Prince William of Denmark to rule the future destinies of that monarchy. But a successive improvement in value—from 8 and 9 to 40 in the one case, and from 0, or in reality nothing, to 20 in the other—was largely anticipating the probable advantages of any such change, and a tension in prices of this character could scarcely fail to be accompanied some day by a significant relapse. Mexican, the other foreign stock which has principally suffered in the general *mélée*, valuable in itself, taking its arrears as representing something of revenue and resources existing in the country, has been the centre of operations by weak and timid dealers. It has fluctuated three or four per cent., but not in proportion to the other classes, though the quotation may still be considerably influenced by the policy of Louis Napoleon, now that General Forey is established in Mexico.

Was it not probable, then, taking such a condition of business into consideration—with the chief supports withdrawn from prices, the influence of events by which the rise had been governed, to use a Stock Exchange term "discounted," and the individuals who had in most instances inaugurated the movement standing aloof and shaking their heads in apprehension,—was it not probable, we repeat, to expect this crisis? We unhesitatingly reply it was; and the public and the members of the Stock Exchange ought to be thankful that the fall and the loss, great as they have been, have not proved more disastrous. The eminently cautious and prudent operators have only just retired in time to escape the difficulties which it may be well feared are now but in their incipient stage of commencement. The Rothschilds, the Sterns, the Oppenheims, the Bischoffheims, the Cohens, and the large houses are out, leaving the brunt of the burden to the foreign speculative tailors, the pill and ointment manufacturers, the proprietors of Cow-cross establishments, *et hoc genus omne*, who having made money by the legitimate and honest pursuits of trade, seem inclined to risk their position and capital by the more adventurous course of Stock Exchange dealing. Associated with the decline in foreign securities, must be noticed the decadence in popularity of the great financial societies. They are gradually losing caste, not because they have furnished balance-sheets and show no profit, but simply from having been brought out at the tail of the mania under influence and patronage, raising expectations which it is believed will be never realised. Large capitals will be found extremely inconvenient when they have to be called up, much more inconvenient when dividends have to be declared, and even more embarrassing if it shall be necessary at any period to propose, after a few years of struggle and disappointment, a distribution of remaining assets. The fall in the stock of the Confederate Loan, and which has in

some degree increased the excitement manifested this week, was a panic fact *sui generis*, occasioned by direct events, which would at any time have created a strong decline. This loan has not from its early introduction been largely speculated in, owing to its hazardous character; and notwithstanding the Liverpool and Manchester people were partially inclined to encourage it when placed upon the market, it has latterly ceased to occupy attention except on the arrival of the respective American mails. The reverses of the Confederates—first at Vicksburg, then at Port Hudson, and lastly in the neighbourhood of Morris Island—could not but be attended with depreciation; and the report of the capture of Charleston, yet unconfirmed, was the very announcement to make an impression, even if propagated through Northern sources, when a panic fury raged in other departments. We have still to wait patiently to watch what may be the result of the late wholesale speculation in many of the bubble stocks and shares; and though the future may be more propitious, and there is no indication of pressure at present in the money market, we are quite prepared to encounter further discouraging changes.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MAY'S CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

THERE is a celebrated passage in Lord Macaulay's review of Sir James Mackintosh's "History of the Revolution" in which he declares that "nothing is so interesting and delightful as to contemplate the steps by which the England of the Domesday-book, the England of the Curfew and Forest Laws, the England of Crusaders, monks, schoolmen, astrologers, serfs, outlaws, became the England which we know and love, the classic ground of liberty and philosophy, the school of all knowledge, the mart of all trade." Materials for this pleasing contemplation are given in the two great works of Mr. Hallam, which contain, beyond doubt, the record of astonishing progress. Mr. Hallam, however, stops short at the accession of George III., when England, though certainly loved, and, in comparison with other countries, free, learned, and rich, was by no means beyond the reach of improvement. In narrating the Constitutional history of England from 1760 to 1860, Mr. May has to describe a progress hardly less wonderful when we consider the shortness of the time during which it was completed. He has to trace the steps by which the England in which Catholics were persecuted and Dissenters oppressed, the England of the slave-trade and the corn-laws, the England of corrupt parliaments and cruel judges, the England in which the criminal code defeated its end by its barbarity, and in which prisoners were denied counsel, in which the press was not protected by juries, in which the law of debt was iniquitous, and in which Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery drove men mad, the England of oil-lamps and aged watchmen, of railway-packets and mail-coaches, has been transformed into our present peaceful, contented, prosperous, and comfortable country.

Mr. May's first volume is devoted exclusively to the powers and privileges of the Crown, the Lords, and the Commons; and the various modifications which these powers have respectively undergone during the past century. His second volume embraces a wider sphere. His subject therein expands into the various divisions of party government, freedom of the press, liberty of the subject, religious liberty, and local government; ending with two chapters on Ireland and the British dependencies. Mr. Hallam terminated his "Constitutional History of England" at the accession of George III., moved so to do, he tells us, "by unwillingness to excite the prejudices of modern politics, especially those connected with personal character, which extend back through at least a large portion of that reign." The public have lost much by this decision. Mr. Hallam's austere impartiality, wide knowledge, and deep political insight eminently fitted him for the task from which he turned aside. Certain of these qualifications are enjoyed by Mr. May. His judgments are marked by the same even-handed justice as are the judgments of his great predecessors. He admits, indeed, in his preface, that he entertains a very clear opinion as to the general tendency of the occurrences which he records. "I am impressed," he says, "with an earnest conviction that the development of popular liberties has been safe and beneficial, and I do not affect to disguise the interest with which I have traced it through all the events of history. Had I viewed it with distrust and despondency, this work would not have been written." But the existence of such a conviction is consistent with entire impartiality in the narration—with perfect justice in estimating the characters, and discussing the motives of the actors. Mr. Hallam himself makes no endeavour to conceal his approval of the "increasing power" which runs through all English history; and his impartiality will be disputed by no one—except possibly that his estimate of Cranmer would be challenged by admirers of Miss Yonge. On the other hand, Mr. May, though industriously informed on his own peculiar subject, is far from possessing the wide knowledge which enriches the writings of Hallam; and he lacks yet more than keen insight and profound political reflection which gives such weight to every page of the "Middle Ages" and the "Constitutional History of England." Yet further; even if we do not apply a test so severe as a comparison with Hallam, this work has faults which force themselves on our notice. Mr. May is deficient

in arrangement and condensation. In going over ground so extensive, a certain amount of confusion and repetition was almost inevitable; but Mr. May has not overcome this difficulty so successfully as could be wished. To have followed the chronological order of events would have been simpler and we believe more conducive to clearness than the plan of division into subjects which Mr. May has adopted; and it would have been better to have devoted separate chapters to the affairs of Scotland and of Ireland than to have had the perplexing politics of these countries perpetually turning up, to the interruption of the main argument. With regard to both these points, Mr. Hallam took a different course, and we think that had Mr. May followed so good an example, he would both have found his work easier, and would have made it more intelligible to his readers. On the other hand, we gladly testify to the many and great merits of this work. Mr. May's conscientious research is remarkable; we have only noticed one slip, where he attributes too decidedly to the Whigs the folly of having adopted "the blue and buff" from the colours of the American army. We presume the Stanhope Miscellanies were published too late for Mr. May to have profited by the disquisition they contain on this curious point. The style is occasionally vigorous, always unaffected; the views are moderate and sensible; and the book, on the whole, is meritorious and valuable. Indeed, the difficulty and importance of the theme which Mr. May has chosen, while accounting in a great degree for his shortcomings, also secures for these shortcomings lenient consideration. That theme is mainly the reign of George III., from the transactions of which the whole history of England down to the present day has taken its shape. It was the seed-time of which the reigns of George III. and William IV. were the harvest. It began with a struggle, sustained by the king single-handed against the aristocracy; as it went on, the king gained the people to his side, and they backed him in his unequal contest; towards its close the king and the aristocracy had made common cause against an oppressed and discontented people headed by a few far-sighted and intelligent leaders. During the early part of the reign we have the strangest confusion of parties and party-men. Fox, beginning as a Tory, changes into a Whig, and something more; Pitt, beginning a Whig, changes into the chosen leader of the Tories; Lord Shelburne at one moment is united with Lord Rockingham in opposition to the Crown—at the next is a supple courtier; Wilkes turns his back disdainfully on Wilkism—and Lord Thurlow is anything at any moment, so long as he is Chancellor. The discipline of parties had been broken up by the introduction of a foreign element in the shape of a wilful King; and it required the steady influences of the French Revolution before they could dress their ranks. The difficulty of reducing to intelligible order this political chaos is in one sense increased by the abundance of the material. It is, in Bacon's phrase, "drenched in matter." Memoirs, reminiscences, and correspondence without stint have been given to the world, perhaps making a complete and sufficient picture of the period a possibility, but certainly increasing the difficulty of approaching it at all. Hence, while the external events of this period are well known, its constitutional aspects have not been thoroughly studied. Despite the industry of Mr. Massey, despite the vehemence of Mr. Phillimore, despite even the fulness and good sense of Mr. May, the history of the reign of George III. yet remains a theme to provoke ambition and despair.

But throughout all this confusion and tergiversation certain things are plain, and worthy to be remembered by us. During the whole time we can clearly discern two parties confronting each other—one party whose aim it was to keep all things as they were, and whose policy was stern repression; another party whose aim it was to extend the blessings of education and the privileges of power, and whose policy was sympathy and confidence. At first we cannot certainly tell by what statesmen these parties were led, nor do the historical names of English politics assist us towards a true understanding of their respective positions. From his earliest days the centre and mainstay of the first was the king,—wilful, stubborn, narrow, treacherous, and entirely sincere. It is worse to add that as public affairs led to wider differences and bitterer disputes towards the middle of this long reign, that party found its most powerful support in the genius of William Pitt. In a "Constitutional History of England" the reputation of this statesman does not stand high. The efforts of his early life in behalf of peace, reform, and free-trade do not receive a conspicuous place in such a record. On the contrary, his name is therein indelibly associated with "arbitrary government, with harsh laws harshly executed, with alien bills, with gagging bills, with suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, with cruel punishments inflicted on some political agitators, with unjustifiable prosecutions instituted against others, and with the most costly and most sanguinary wars of modern times." Worst of all was that the evil which he did lived long after him. He not only misgoverned England himself, but he was the origin of the yet more cruel misgovernment of the Percivals, and Liverpools, and Sidmouths who succeeded him.

Another lesson taught by a study of this reign, and one not to be forgotten, is that the long triumph the party we have alluded to nearly proved the ruin of England. Their mischievous policy stopped short of the destruction of our Constitution, but it was pursued so long and so steadily as to work abundance of evil. Their blind opposition was powerless to stay reform, but it accomplished this, that reform was carried amid turbulence, verging on revolution, and that Chartism arose to vex the State for more than ten years. Their long refusal to recognise the principle of toleration could not prevent Catholic emancipation, but it led to the

* The Constitutional History of England, since the Accession of George III. By Thomas Erskine May, C.B. Vol. II. Longmans. 1863.

Catholic Association and the Clare election, and gave over Ireland to the domination of O'Connell and the delusion of repeal. Perhaps the two chapters on the Church and religious liberty comprise the most melancholy part of this long record. They tell an unvarying tale of ecclesiastical bigotry and love of power—always opposing itself to sound morality and good government, fortunately, always so opposing itself in vain.

Mr. Hallam, in concluding his "Constitutional History," professes himself content with "compiling and selecting the records of the past, shunning the difficult and ambitious office of judging the present, or of speculating upon the future." But in concluding a history which has come down to the events of the present day, such serene indifference is neither easy nor desirable. Mr. May, accordingly, closes not without speculation—some alarm, much well-grounded hope. The alarm is aroused by the doubt whether constitutional government can only be worked out by continual strife—ever encroachment on the one hand, resistance on the other. The hope rests on many grounds. The growth of free institutions, and the recognition of liberty of opinion, assures us that if struggles do arise, they will be more easily settled than before—that the tear and wear of the machinery of the Constitution will be less. Moreover, the power of the people has increased only in proportion to their capacity for sharing in the government of the country, and so long as that proportion is preserved, public opinion, in the words of Mr. May, will "represent the national intelligence rather than the popular will," and the evils of democracy will not come near to us. We hope that these sanguine views of our future may prove true. But we shall incur a great risk of missing this felicitous lot if any attempt be made rudely to arrest the continuance of that progress which these volumes describe and illustrate. There are not wanting signs that such an attempt will be made. On the life of one man depends the political peace of England. Parties are breaking up; fidelity is waning; consistency is rare. A similar confusion to that which prevailed during the early part of the reign of George III. may be at hand now. If so, our Liberal statesmen must bestir themselves. We have no desire to see an increase of that pestilent body of men who call themselves "independent" Liberals. Independence in politics is either nonsense or sheer obstructiveness, or both. But, on the other hand, the Liberal leaders must rise above the control of words and shibboleths of faction, and seek some intelligible and hopeful policy in which a large party may cordially unite. They will find some examples, unhappily many more warnings, in the history of the errors and follies of the statesmen of the past century.

ROMOLA.*

THIS new historical novel of "Romola" is a genuine study and work of art. Miss Evans, who has made herself a great name by her wonderfully truthful and vivid delineations of English life in the present time, has here attempted a task far more difficult,—one of the most difficult indeed in the field of literature, and one which has been but seldom successfully accomplished. She has set herself to compose a picture, not of English but of foreign life, in an age far remote from our own if we measure by years, and remoter still if we measure by events. The essential qualifications for such an undertaking are a profound knowledge of human nature, which, under all diversities of dress and manners, is always the same; patient historical studies, large and minute enough to produce familiarity with the various elements of both the outward and inward life of the people and the time to be represented, and ease in reproducing them; and, last not least, a true poetic imagination, without which philosophy and the study of historical and antiquarian details will fail to produce anything better than forms without life. Miss Evans has not now, for the first time, proved to us her great knowledge of the human heart and her fine imagination; but she now shows us that she is not wanting in the peculiar faculty of the historian, who, out of the scanty and fragmentary materials still within reach, knows how first to make out for himself and then to sketch for the world a picture more or less detailed of a vanished age. We question whether there is any English book which brings us so close to the Florence of the end of the fifteenth century, and not only lets us see, but makes us feel what the life of its citizens was like. In this respect "Romola" must take a very high rank indeed; no lower than such books as Bulwer Lytton's "Last Days of Pompeii" and "Last of the Barons."

The story extends over a period of six years, beginning in April, 1492, the time of the death of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and ending in May, 1498, with the martyrdom of Savonarola. These great names, symbols as they are of the extremes which met in Florentine life at that time, are sufficient to suggest the deep and diversified interest of the tale so far as it is historical. Almost all the persons of the tale are real, and all the great events and changes which then occupied and agitated the famous republic have their place in it. Yet there is no pedantry, no parade of learning; and the interest which the reader cannot help feeling in the course of public affairs is kept throughout subordinate to his interest in the private lot of Romola and her lover and husband, Tito Melema. Very great skill is displayed in the construction of the story in this respect, and it is throughout an admirable illustration of a remark made

by the authoress at the opening of Book II:—"As in the tree that bears a myriad of blossoms, each single bud with its fruit is dependent on the primary circulation of the sap, so the fortunes of Tito and Romola were dependent on certain grand political and social conditions which made an epoch in the history of Italy."

Romola was the daughter of Bardo de' Bardi, a descendant of one of the old historical families of Florence, and one of the race of enthusiastic scholars, collectors, and lovers of manuscripts and marbles, who were peculiarly characteristic of that age of revival in literature and art. "He was a man with a deep-veined hand cramped by much copying of manuscripts, who ate sparing dinners, and wore threadbare clothes, at first from choice and at last from necessity; who sat among his books and his marble fragments of the past, and saw them only by the light of those far-off younger days which still shone in his memory; he was a moneyless, blind old scholar." He was past seventy, and his grey hairs were well-nigh brought down by a large sorrow to the grave. For his son, a youth of much promise, who he hoped would share his scholarly labours and renown, had forsaken him and become a monk. Romola alone was left to him; and she, in beautiful devotion, gives herself up to serve and solace him all she may; not without many touches of natural sadness as she looks "at the lifeless objects around her,—the parchment books, the unchanging mutilated marble, the bits of obsolete bronze and clay."

The quiet life of the scholar and his daughter was pleasantly interrupted by the arrival of Tito Melema. He was a young Greek, who after being shipwrecked was found one morning sleeping under a loggia in the heart of Florence. A scholar, with good looks and no money, he begs his first breakfast of a poor peasant-girl in the market-place, whom he finds asleep leaning on the neck of her mule, and wakens by a stolen kiss. Pretty ignorant Tessa! Tito has brought with him some costly jewels and a ring, which he can, if he wish, turn into gold coin; he has also a guilty secret,—what will he do with that? He gets a witty, talkative barber, Nello, to introduce him to the Cennini, eminent printers, who give him employment. And by Nello he is also introduced to Bardo and Romola. Bardo bids him come again, and he goes; helps the blind scholar in his learned toil; seems to take the place of the lost son; and gets the love of the noble daughter; halcyon days these were for Romola; such they outwardly seemed, but were not for Tito. For the guilty secret lives and seems to grow, and takes up more and more room in heart and life; it is converting itself into a ghastly fear which threatens to be the supreme power in his soul. Chance phrases uttered in street gossip startle and turn him pale or red; the shaken leaf terrifies him. The face of a monk seen in a crowd haunts him, he knows not why; and soon he encounters the same monk, who recognizes and calls him by his name. Tito receives from him a written message from a dying man; the strange monk guesses at the dread secret, and says as he leaves Tito,—“I am at San Marco; my name is Fra Luca.” Fra Luca was the lost son of Bardo and brother of Romola, and is come to die at San Marco.

It is, of course, impossible for us here to pursue the story, which is full of incident and surprises without exaggeration or artifice. We can only say that in drawing the character of Tito and tracing its development, from the moment when he quails at the jest of the pedlar, Bratti, under the loggia, to that last hour when we see him cast exhausted on the grassy bank of the Arno, and there clutched and pressed to death by the hands of his foster-father, Baldassare, whom he had abandoned, and who dies exhausted at the same time, the authoress has displayed marvellous power and skill. There is a tragic grandeur and awfulness in it, and a profound spiritual truth which can only escape the most careless and frivolous reader. We could not name many books in which the ruin of a character, not naturally vicious, but only feeble and self-indulgent, is so subtly depicted through all its stages and gradations. How easy and how fatal it is to palter and play tricks with conscience, to put false favourable colouring on the bad deeds we wish to do, or by which we hope to have pleasure or profit, and to silence—till too late—the still, small voice that would lead us in the right way, such is the lesson of Tito Melema's story.

We must give our readers one or two specimens of the "stuff" this book is "made of;" warning them at the same time that detached passages can give little more knowledge of its worth than detached bricks can of a noble building. Here is Nello's sketch of the old pedlar, Bratti:—

"Common? No: our Bratti is not a common man. He has a theory, and lives up to it, which is more than I can say for any philosopher I have the honour of shaving," answered Nello, whose loquacity, like an over-full bottle, could never pour forth a small dose. "Bratti means to extract the utmost possible amount of pleasure, that is to say, of hard bargaining, out of this life; winding it up with a bargain for the easiest possible passage through purgatory, by giving Holy Church his winnings when the game is over. He has had his will made to that effect on the cheapest terms a notary could be got for. But I have often said to him, 'Bratti, thy bargain is a limping one, and thou art on the lame side of it. Does it not make thee a little sad to look at the pictures of the Paradiso? Thou wilt never be able there to chaffer for rags and rusty nails: the saints and angels want neither pins nor tinder; and except with San Bartolommeo, who carries his skin about in an inconvenient manner, I see no chance of thy making a bargain for second-hand clothing.'"

Baldassare, the avenger, on his way back to Florence after a short absence, sits down "by a little pool shadowed on one side by alder-bushes still sprinkled (it is November) with yellow leaves." Bodily strength and memory and power of thought are failing him,

* Romola. By George Eliot, author of "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Silas Marner," and "Scenes of Clerical Life." In three volumes. Smith, Elder, & Co.

and as he tries to rouse himself he looks at his image in the water, and thus soliloquises:—

"I was a loving fool—I worshipped a woman once, and believed she could care for me; and then I took a helpless child and fostered him; and I watched him as he grew, to see if he would care for me only a little—care for me over and above the good he got from me. I would have torn open my breast to warm him with my life-blood if I could only have seen him care a little for the pain of my wound. I have laboured, I have strained to crush out of this hard life one drop of unselfish love. Fool! men love their own delights; there is no delight to be had in me. And yet I watched till I believed I saw what I watched for. When he was a child he lifted soft eyes towards me, and held my hand willingly: I thought, this boy will surely love me a little: because I give my life to him and strive that he shall know no sorrow, he will care a little when I am thirsty—the drop he lays on my parched lips will be a joy to him. . . . Curses on him! I wish I may see him lie with those red lips white and dry as ashes, and when he looks for pity I wish he may see my face rejoicing in his pain. It is all a lie—this world is a lie—there is no goodness but in hate. Fool! not one drop of love came with all your striving: life has not given you one drop. But there are deep draughts in this world for hatred and revenge. I have memory left for that, and there is strength in my arm—there is strength in my will—and if I can do nothing but kill him—"

And here are the last words of the remonstrance of Savonarola addressed to Romola, when, after the death of her father, and the final hopeless severance in love and life from Tito, she is quitting Florence in disguise:—

"My daughter, you are a child of Florence; fulfil the duties of that great inheritance. Live for Florence—for your own people, whom God is preparing to bless the earth. Bear the anguish and the smart. The iron is sharp—I know, I know—it rends the tender flesh. The draught is bitterness on the lips. But there is rapture in the cup—there is the vision which makes all life below it dross for ever. Come, my daughter, come back to your place!"

"While Savonarola spoke with growing intensity, his arms tightly folded before him still, as they had been from the first, but his face alight as from an inward flame, Romola felt herself surrounded and possessed by the glow of his passionate faith. The chill doubts all melted away; she was subdued by the sense of something unspeakably great to which she was being called by a strong being who roused a new strength within herself. In a voice that was like a low, prayerful cry, she said—

"Father, I will be guided. Teach me! I will go back."

"Almost unconsciously she sank on her knees. Savonarola stretched out his hands over her; but feeling would no longer pass through the channel of speech, and he was silent."

We have not been able, in this brief notice, to indicate one half the matters of interest in "Romola," and our space is filled. We must, however, add that the passages describing the married life of Romola,—the first rare joy, the early shadows of suspicion, her beautiful womanly struggles to save dear love alive, and how they failed, till she rose grandly in her woe, and said to her husband, "Tito, I cannot believe one word you say,"—are wonderful for truth, delicacy, and pathos. And of the historical part of the work we must particularly note the view presented in many ways of the character of Savonarola. We do not hesitate to say that, for this alone, "Romola" deserves reading, and more than reading—study; and that the portraiture of that wonderful man here drawn is truer, fairer, and completer than any we have seen before, not even excepting that given us by Professor Villari.

MY SOUTHERN FRIENDS.*

MR. KIRKE proposes to narrate in this volume nothing but what he has seen; and though his incidents are startling enough, there is nothing improbable about them. Still we must receive them with caution. "That excellent woman, Mrs. C. M. Kirkland," he writes, "said to the author, shortly after the fall of Fort Sumter, 'If you cannot shoulder a musket, you can blow a bugle.'" The book before us is the bugle, and the blast against slavery blown from it is very loud indeed. In Mr. Fairfax's "Elopement," which we noticed in the LONDON REVIEW, May 16, an attempt, and not an unsuccessful one, was made to show how little practical sympathy for the negro exists in the Northern States. But though the writer vehemently pressed his argument, he was unable to conceal that while the condition of the slave in the Southern States, under a benevolent proprietor, is far better than that of the free negro in the North, nothing can be more wretched than his case if he has the misfortune to belong to a savage. Mrs. Fanny Kemble's "Residence in Georgia," which we reviewed in our number of the 6th of June, gave us a picture of slave-life on an estate which had the reputation of being humanely managed. Making allowance for the colouring which a woman possessed of strong feelings and considerable eloquence could not help giving to such a subject, the facts which she recounted materially affected our estimate of the creature comforts enjoyed by the slave even under a kind master. The book before us, written with strong abolitionist sympathies, leads us to believe that, humane as Mrs. Kemble's husband may have been, his estate did not present a fair specimen of slave-life in the South, when mitigated by the benevolence of the owner. Mr. Kirke's description

of the slaves on Mr. Preston's estate shows us the *ne plus ultra* of negro happiness in the South, and from the picture he has drawn of their comforts and the paternal care of their owner, we are induced to believe that he has blown his bugle more in sorrow than in anger. Unfortunately, this term "paternal care" has a double meaning. That a man shall have the right of absolute property over his fellow-creature is horrible enough; that his passions should be allowed to extend this right over his own offspring is the last touch of horror wanting to complete the diabolical character of slavery. Yet the concurrent testimony to the fact is too strong to be doubted. If Mr. Kirke does not scandalously trifle with us when he states that he has narrated nothing which is not within his own knowledge, we see that even men who are otherwise exemplary can mingle their blood with that of their female slaves, and that their offspring may be sold to pay their debts. Where the master is unworthy, there is no limit to this blackest of all baseness. Mr. Kirke narrates the case of a female slave who was flogged to death because she would not yield to the desires of her proprietor. And throughout his book there are indications of the horrible working of slavery in this respect, and the degradation which it spreads throughout society.

Apart from its purpose the book is most interesting. The story is not much, but Mr. Kirke's powers of description amply make up for the deficiency. The main interest centres in Mr. Preston and his slaves. One of these, Phyllis, and her child have been sold during Preston's absence. The child is his; and by the aid of Mr. Kirke—who tells the story in his own name—he is enabled to repurchase them. Another of her children by the same father has been repurchased by Mrs. Preston, an amiable Southern lady, who, though she has children of her own, rescued this girl, little Selma, knowing her husband's attachment to his offspring by Phyllis, by parting with her trinkets. Kirke and Preston find Phyllis, while she is yet in the hands of the slave-trader, at a village store in North Carolina:—

"Her figure was slight and graceful, and her face very beautiful. She had long, black, glossy hair, straight, regular features, a rich olive complexion, and large, lustrous eyes, which, as she sat opposite the open door, were fixed on the thick, gloomy wood with an earnest, almost agonized gaze, as if she were reading in its tangled depths the dark, uncertain future that lay before her. Never shall I forget the expression of her face. Never have I seen its look of keen, intense agony, and its full, perfect, utter despair. One of the children was a little girl of eight years, with a sweet, hopeful expression, a clear rosy skin, and brown, wavy hair; and the other, a little mulatto boy a few years older. They each held one of the woman's hands, and something peculiar in their attitudes made me look closely at them. A thin piece of iron, called by slave-traders a 'bracelet,' encircled their wrists, and fastened their arms to the woman's! They were slaves!"

Kirke's treaty with the slave-trader for the purchase of Phyllis and her child, Rosey, brings us again face to face with the disgusting details which accompany such transactions. He tells enough to shock any nerves which have not been indurated by the traffic, but declares himself unable to repeat all the atrocities he witnessed. The woman is almost white, and the trader, in standing out for a high price, describes how such slaves are prized by the "young bloods" of the South. He shows, too, that dreadful as the traffic is, men who pretend to religion even in the North are not ashamed to derive profit from it. But the girl is ransomed, and the party set out for Preston's plantation, near Newbern. Here we find that Preston's humanity to his slaves is ruining him, and that with a hundred and fifty darkies he is going to the dogs, while a certain Colonel Dawsey, with only seventy-five, works his estate at a profit. Preston explains how the colonel is so successful:—

"Dawsey has seventy-five slaves: forty child-bearing women, twenty men, and fifteen children under five years. The sixty adults are all prime hands. They are given daily tasks, which they cannot possibly do in less than fifteen hours, leaving them only nine hours out of the twenty-four for eating, sleeping, feeding their children, and the waking rest necessary to working people. He never whips them on a week-day, because it wastes working time, but makes Sunday a general flogging season. He has two women where he has one man, and each woman is expected to bear a child every second year. If she doesn't, she is sold. They are made to work in the field till the labour pains are on them, and are allowed only two weeks' rest after confinement. Three of them have borne children in the woods, this season. He keeps only one nurse for the fifteen children; and as soon as each child is five years old—the age at which it can be legally sold away from its mother—it is disposed of to the traders. In addition, three of these women are his mistresses, and they must have children as fast as the others. He serves their children like the rest; that is, rears them to the age of five, and then sells them, as he would so many hogs."

Mr. Kirke does not confine himself to details which tell against slavery. His description of Mrs. Preston shows how the highest womanly qualities can flourish side by side with the most hateful of social institutions. "She was a perfect woman—a faithful mistress, a loving wife, a devoted mother. Anticipating every want of her husband, carefully instructing her children, overseeing every detail of her household, meting out the weekly allowance of the negroes, visiting daily the cabins of the sick and the infirm, and with her own hand dispensing the soothing cordial or the healing medicine—or, when all medicine failed, bending over the lowly bed of the dying, and pointing him to the 'better home on high'—she was a ministering angel, a joy and a blessing to all about her. She wore no costly silks, no diamonds on her fingers,

* My Southern Friends. By Edmund Kirke, Author of "Among the Pines." Sampson Low, Son, & Co.

or jewels in her hair; but she was arrayed in garments all rich and beautiful with human love." Such women, Mr. Kirke writes, are seen nowhere more often than in the South. Her husband, too, was solicitous for the religious well-being of his slaves. His connection with Phyllis had terminated with his conversion to nobler thoughts, and he taught his slaves their Catechism, and regularly attended the ministrations of the negro preacher, old Joe, his grandfather's son, by one of the old reprobate's slaves. Side by side with the negro's pitiable condition, there is a vein of irresistible grotesqueness running through his life, in nothing more remarkable than in his religious exercises. Joe had a rival in his clerical vocation, a negro named Jack, whose gift was prayer and whose predilection was whisky. The predilection was necessary to the full development of the gift. Mr. Kirke went to hear him open the Sunday service:—

"Gazing complacently around on the audience for a moment, he drawled out, 'My bred'rin, leff us raise our hearts ter de Lord.' The whole congregation then kneeled, and Jack, closing his eyes, clenching his hands together, and throwing his head back, until his nose came nearly on a line with the roof of the building, 'lifted up his voice,' and prayed.

"After the fashion of very many white preachers, he began by telling the Lord all about Himself; all He had ever done, and all He is going to do; how long He had lived, and how long He is going to live; how great He is—'taller dan de mountains, an' bigger dan de seas; how He made the world in six days, and then, 'gittin' tired, rested on de sevenfth; how He formed man out of the dust of the ground, and then, out of his rib, formed woman; how the woman tempted the man, and he fell, and how woman has raised Cain on the earth ever since; how He sent the flood, and how Noah buildd the ark; how Noah axed all the wild critters into it, and how they all came in two by two, and how Noah and the wild beasts lay down lovingly together, till the wet spell was over; how Moses, when he came down from the mount, 'stumbled, and broke de law, an' how ebery one ob us dat hab come inter de worle sence, hab stumbled, an' broke de law, 'case he did; how Noah, though he was a white man, and had a white wife, begat a black son; and how that black son was a great sinner, and how all his descendants have taken after him, and been mighty big sinners ever since.

"Then he described the sinner, particularly the black sinners present; and if half of what he said was true, every one of them deserved to be sold 'down Soufth,' and kept on cold hominy and hoeecake all the rest of his days.

"The prayer was a strange medley of absurdity, presumption, and profanity, and I felt relieved to hear his long 'amen,' and to see Joe rise, and again approach the pulpit."

Joe's sermon is worth reading, as a mental effort of a superior order, in spite of the negro dialect, but it is too long for quotation. Mr. Kirke gives it from memory, adding that his report does it faint justice. But we must hurry on with the story. By Kirke's advice Preston takes a new estate, and begins to thrive. He commissions his friend to provide him with a governess. Mrs. Preston dies, and her husband marries the "Yankee girl" who has been training his children. The result is disastrous. The new wife is a tartar, and by her extravagance plunges her husband into debt. This, however, is not the worst of her husband's troubles. Rosey, his daughter by Phyllis, is married to Ally, a fellow-slave, and, contrary to custom, the marriage ceremony is performed. Ally's mother, Dinah, is present, and contributes to an amusing scene:—

"Any person of sensitive olfactories would have halted in the doorway; but I elbowed through the woolly gathering, and followed Frank and Selma to the family pew. Tittering, laughing, and flaunting their red-and-yellow kerchiefs, the black people were enjoying themselves amazingly, when 'Dar dey comes,' 'Dar'm de happy pussons,' went round the assemblage, and the bride and groom, attended by two sable couples, entered the building. After some ludicrous mistakes, they got 'into position' in front of the railing, and Black Joe took a stand before them.

"Rosey was dressed in white, with a neat fillet of pink and blue ribbon about her head; and Ally wore a black frock-coat, with white vest, and white cotton gloves. One of the groomsmen—a rustic beau from a neighbouring plantation—wore an immensely long-tailed blue coat with brass buttons, a flaming red waistcoat, yellow woollen mittens, and a neckerchief that looked like a secession flag hugging a lamp-post. Both of these gentry had hats of stovepipe pattern, very tall, and with narrow brims; and—they wore them during the ceremony.

"Silence in de meetin'!" cried Joe.

"The boisterous sea of black wool subsided to a dead calm. Those not already standing, rose, and Joe commenced reading the marriage service of the Episcopal Church.

"The parties immediately interested appeared to have conned their lessons well, for they made all the responses with great propriety; but some of the congregation seemed less familiar with the service. When Joe repeated the words, 'If any man kin shew cause why dese folks should not be lawfully jined togedder, leff him now speak, or else for eber hole his peace,' Dinah turned to the audience, and cried out—

"'Yas, jess leff him come out wid it now. I'd like ter see de man dat's got onyting agin it.'

"No one appeared to have 'onyting agin it,' and Joe proceeded to read the words—'I require and charge you, if either of you know any impediment,' &c. In the midst of it, a voice called out—

"'Dar ain't no 'pedimen', Boss Joe; I knows dat. Gwo on, sar!' 'Dat's so, brudder,' said another voice. 'Dat's de Lord's truif,' echoed a third. 'Doan't be 'sturbin' de meetin': de young folks want de splicin' done,' cried a fourth; and 'Amen,' shouted a dozen.

"'Shet up, all on you,' yelled Joe, turning on them with an imperious gesture. 'Ef you hain't no more manners dan dat, clar out.'

"Silence soon ensued, and Joe went on without interruption to the place where the minister asks the bridegroom, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' Then Dinah, unable to contain herself longer, joyfully exclaimed—

"'Ob course he will! Ony youn' feller'd be glad to hab her.'"

The ceremony is then completed, and is followed by a dance, in which Master Joe, Preston's son, makes himself conspicuous, as Rosey's partner in one of the sets, for his marvellous dancing. But when the young mother is confined, her child is white. Preston to his horror discovers that his son, ignorant of the girl's parentage, is the father. Overwhelmed by this shock, by his wife's cruelty and extravagance, and by the hopeless state of his affairs, he dies. And now Mrs. Preston learns from Phyllis's slave husband that Selma, who has all along been supposed to be Preston's daughter, of pure white breed, is the offspring of his amour with Phyllis. The girl has received the highest education, and has grown up into a woman of surpassing loveliness. Mr. Kirke describes her appearance at the opera in Boston. Her mother was almost white, her father pure white. Of such parentage Selma is not the only issue famed for extraordinary beauty. And now comes the crowning interest of the story. Selma is bought by her brother Joe. But Frank—an adopted son of Mr. Kirke's, and the illegitimate son of a wealthy and pious merchant of Boston—who has been betrothed to her, and who loves her passionately, recoils with horror at the idea of marrying a slave. Selma commits suicide, and Frank on the outbreak of the war volunteers in the Federal cause.

We recommend our readers to peruse this book and Mr. Fairfax's "Elopement" together. Both are admirably written, and give an excellent idea of the negro's condition in the North and in the South. We cannot say that the perusal of Mr. Kirke's volume lessens our admiration of the heroism displayed by the Southern armies. But it gives us an estimate of the enormous difficulty which the Confederacy will have to encounter, whenever its independence shall have been recognized, before it can be received into the family of civilized nations on a footing of equality. It has our sympathies in its struggle with the insensate tyranny of the Northern States. But the institution on which its fortunes are based is, in its best aspect, so terrible that our sympathy must end with the cause which provoked it, unless prompt measures are taken, at least, to open the path to liberty to all slaves who have the courage and intelligence to tread it.

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY.*

WE have not read Mr. Redding's "Fifty Years' Recollections," and if they are like this latest product of his pen, we resign ourselves to our loss in a spirit of thankfulness. Yet these three volumes are not without merit. Some people excuse their silence on the ground that they have nothing to say. But is it not a talent to be able to talk and write about nothing? Surely it must be, or these volumes could not have found a publisher. Mr. Redding's exploit goes even beyond this. For, while he talks about many things, he says nothing about them. High and mighty names shine through his pages, to say nothing of his own, which he evidently thinks the highest and mightiest of them all. But—his own excepted—he tells us nothing concerning them. The epitome at the head of Chapter I. promises something about "a friend of Wilberforce;" and we naturally expect that Mr. Redding's personal recollections, reaching back into the last century, will furnish us with some anecdote in connection with the philanthropist worth treasuring. Yet when we come to the passage, we only find that, when Cyrus was a boy, reading Pope's Satires, some one of the name of Babington came to the town where he was living, with the view of embarking for Lisbon on account of his health. This gentleman was the "friend of Wilberforce," so seductively set forth in the epitome; but the only facts worthy of remembrance in connection with him, are that he came from Leicestershire, and that it crossed the mind of Cyrus that he might have been connected with Macaulay, "who bore that name," though he thinks he must have died before Macaulay was born. So with the rest of the distinguished names which figure throughout these volumes. They are names and nothing more. Mr. Redding has as much to tell as Canning's knife-grinder. The marvel is that he has been able to expend so many words upon his narrative.

There is only one person about whom we learn anything; and that person unfortunately has no interest for us. It is Mr. Redding himself. He was educated "partly at home, and partly at school." On a visit to his grandmother he found Knolles' "History of the Turks," "a very old but clearly printed work," with which he entertained the venerable lady. The winter of 1795-6 was unusually severe, and he amused himself with knocking down half-starved birds with a stick. At this time his "studies were increased by the addition of arithmetic and drawing." He "soon got into division," and found himself shading his pencillings with India-ink. From India-ink the extraordinary youth was drawn on to Indian antiquities, the history of India, and the use of the globes. He confesses with the modesty natural to great minds that though he read Homer he never considered himself "a good, even a tolerable Grecian." But by way of set-off he notes what wonderful "fancies, imaginations, and dreams," passed through his mind even at this early stage of its development, and how its vigour and the

* Yesterday and To-Day. By Cyrus Redding. Being a Sequel to "Fifty Years' Recollections, Literary and Political." Three vols. Newby.

companionship of books rendered him quite independent of the support of society. But who cares about all this?

If Mr. Redding had given half the pains to the other characters of his book which he has bestowed upon his own, we might have had something worth reading. He appears to have enjoyed some acquaintance with many of the literary worthies of the present century,—with Moore, Campbell, Leigh Hunt, Lady Morgan, and others,—and their names occur frequently in his pages. But when we look for a passage for quotation, we turn them over in vain; we see only one fit to place before our readers—describing the tragical life and death of a *Mdlle. V*—; but it is too long for quotation. The gist of the story is as follows:—*Mdlle. V*—, a young lady of ancient family, was betrothed to a gentleman whom she had long known and of whose honour she was too confident. Within a few days of their proposed marriage he wronged and deserted her, but the birth of her child was known only to two or three bosom friends. Another suitor presently made his appearance, and persevered in his addresses in spite of her remonstrance that she could never become his wife. Her secret was explained to him; and, as he still pleaded for her hand, she consented, and they were married. Her former lover meantime had led to the altar a lady of considerable fortune; but not satisfied with his success, he no sooner heard of *Mdlle. V*—'s marriage, than he spread the calumny that the father of her child was an Egyptian servant whom he had brought over when he returned from "the expedition," sixteen or seventeen years before. Mr. Redding, with a carelessness about dates and facts which constantly meets us, does not say what the expedition was. Her husband determined to call him out; but she would listen to no such chance vengeance. She resolved that the slanderer should die, and her husband, instigated by her vehemence, waylaid him, sent a bullet through his heart, and hurried home to inform his wife of what he had done. "She burst into tears, actually knelt down and thanked God she was avenged upon the monster who had wronged her. She afterwards," continues Mr. Redding, "seemed to relent when it was too late, but, recovering herself, said, 'You will pay for this with your life, my dear, but I will die with you. Fly, fly, I will follow you over sea; lose no time.' Her husband kissed her, but made no reply, except that he would not leave her." He was tried and sentenced to death.

"When the day previous to her husband's execution had arrived, she told him she would die with him. 'What shall I do in the world alone, blasted with such calumnies, and you gone—no, no, it shall not be, you shall not die on my account, and alone.' The execution was to take place at seven in the morning, and his wife was told she must take leave of him before the usual hour of excluding persons from the prisons the night before. She took a heart-breaking leave of him deluged in tears, parting with the word 'remember,' in reference to which the keepers of the prison had no clue.

"The unhappy woman returned home and employed the best part of the night in writing, in prayer, and in tears. Some of her remarks are said to have betrayed a singular degree of enthusiasm and strong passion, alternating with feminine weaknesses. She took a remarkable farewell of her mother on retiring to rest, kissing her again and again, in a way she had never before done, on wishing her good night. She left a statement behind her that she had determined not to survive her husband, and that they had agreed to quit the world together, a world of sorrow to both, and that it was saving him from the pain and disgrace of a public execution. To spare herself the grief of surviving one who had devoted himself for her would be an ill-return. She added, that at the arrival of the midnight hour, and at the minute agreed upon between themselves, they had determined to end their miserable existences by some means which they had previously provided. They were successful, and in death were not divided. She had conveyed the means to her husband."

The story is dramatic; but it is a poor pennyworth of bread to come out of three volumes of words.

SHORT NOTICES.

MISS INGELOW'S POEMS.*

MISS INGELOW writes gracefully, and at times with true poetic feeling. But we often labour under an uncertainty as to her meaning, which mars the pleasure we should otherwise derive from her poems. Nothing can compensate for this defect. If ideas are not clearly expressed, no choice of words, no beauties of rhythm, can satisfy us. In the first of these poems, and to our mind the best of them—"Divided,"—we gather that for some reason or other two loving hearts, walking along opposite sides of a beck, which gradually swells into a vast river, see the distance between them growing hourly wider, till at last they can only commune with their thoughts. But why? What is the severing and widening influence of which the beck and the river are the metaphors? The idea here, however, unsatisfactory as it is, is clear enough. The two are divided, and the process is poetically described. But if we turn to "The Star's Monument" we give up. We can make neither head nor tail of what the writer means; and the same remark is applicable to several of Miss Ingelow's other pieces. We regret this, because there is no question of the elegance of her muse. Would she condescend to be a little more intelligible, we feel sure that her society would be agreeable. That she can be so

is plain from many passages in this volume. Take the following lines for example:—

"Oh, my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore,
I remember all that I said,
And now, thou wilt hear me no more—no more
Till the sea gives up her dead.

"We shall walk no more through the sodden plain
With the faded bents o'erspread,
We shall stand no more by the seething main,
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again,
When the sea gives up her dead."

THE BOY'S OWN VOLUME.*

Here is a boy's book calculated to suit all tastes, whether the reader's turn of mind is historical, philosophical, poetical, nautical, geographical, tragical, comical, pastoral, practical, or universal. No boy who has a taste for reading but will find something in it to amuse, and, what is better, to instruct him. The book is liberally illustrated, and deserves young England's patronage.

THE POET'S CHILDREN.†

A series of pleasing stories, which we recommend to those who have the care of children.

BISHOP COLENSO ON THE PENTATEUCH.

ARTICLE V.

THE deliberate forgery, out of Egyptian materials, of the name of Jehovah by the prophet Samuel, is the great discovery announced in Bishop Colenso's second volume. Having constructed a narrative out of current traditions and from legendary lore, this pious man palmed it off on his countrymen as the true account of the origin of the Israelite nation. And this narrative, afterwards amended and edited by the prophet Nathan or Gad, with an appendix finally added on in the shape of Deuteronomy, by Jeremiah, became the Pentateuch and Book of the Law of the Jewish and Samaritan nations. Such are the propositions offered for our acceptance by Dr. Colenso. Having in his first volume proved, as he conceives, that "a faith in the story of the Exodus involves an assent to propositions as monstrous and absurd as that two and two make five," he reveals in his second the focus from whence all these monstrosities proceeded—namely, the forgery of the Pentateuch by Samuel. His first volume had thundered; but the fatal flash, striking death to the Bible as an inspired book, was to emanate from the second, in which the Bishop's object is to confirm and set for ever at rest his former conclusions as to the unhistorical character of the Pentateuch.

As to the answers given to his former objections, he considers them as but "breath spent in vain," when the composite character of the story of the Exodus is once distinctly recognised and the different ages of the different writers clearly exhibited; and then, as to the support which the second volume gives to the first, he says:—

"It was, perhaps, my knowledge of the overwhelming amount and weight of this evidence, and much more of the same kind to be produced hereafter, which led me to express myself in the first part with an assured confidence in the certainty of my conclusions."

The issue, then, is simple. If Dr. Colenso's peculiar theory of the complex authorship of the Pentateuch be sound, his former objections receive an important accession of strength. If, on the contrary, it turn out to be only a crude hypothesis—no better than conjecture,—then these objections must depend on themselves; and if they can be satisfactorily answered, as we have shown they may, his whole scheme falls to the ground. What, then, is this theory?

The central point from which it starts is the narrative given in Exodus iii.—vi., of the first revelation made by God of himself to Moses as the deliverer of Israel. So important does this portion of the Pentateuch appear in the Bishop's eyes, that he describes it as—

"the pivot, as it were, upon which his whole argument turns; since the revelation of that name to Moses is the very core and centre of the story of the Exodus; and if it appears, as I believe it will, on sufficient grounds, that the name did not originate in so early an age, it would follow that one of the most vital portions of the narrative is shown to be unhistorical."

Hanging his arguments, then, on this "pivot," and assuming, as the first step forwards, that the words in Exodus vi. 3, in which God says to Moses, "by my name Jehovah was I not known unto thee," means that the word Jehovah was never heard of before, and was now only for the first time revealed as a name, he turns

* The Boy's Own Volume of Fact, Fiction, History, and Adventure. Illustrated. S. O. Beeton.

† The Poet's Children. By Mary Howitt. A. W. Bennett.

* Poems by Jean Ingelow. Longmans.

back to Genesis, and points out a number of places where it is not only used, but actually put into the mouths of Eve, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as a name of God quite familiar to them; and he then infers that, as it is impossible that the writer of the account in Exodus of its first introduction could have so contradicted himself as to attribute the knowledge and use of it to the Patriarchs, there must have been some other writer to whom the passages in which the name of Jehovah occurs must be attributed. This latter writer he calls the Jehovist; and the former, who, up to Exodus iii., uses only the name Elohim for God, and is, as he believes, the author of the story of the burning bush, he calls the Elohist.

The theory is not new; it has been long known in Germany, and among theologians; but it has been by Dr. Colenso furbished up, and furnished with a new face for the benefit of the English people. It may be observed, for the guidance of the general reader, that wherever in Genesis the Almighty is spoken of under the name of "God" only, there in the original Hebrew the corresponding word is "Elohim," and therefore the writer according to the Bishop's notion is the Elohist. Wherever the name LORD, or LORD God, is applied to Him, the original is "Jehovah," or "Jehovah Elohim," and therefore the writer is the Jehovist. He will observe, for instance, in Gen. xxxix., where the account is given of Joseph in Potiphar's house, that the word Lord is used; the writer, therefore, was the Jehovist. In the after portion of the story of Joseph in Egypt, "God" only is used, and hence the writer is the Elohist.

But we must proceed with the Bishop's theory. He finds, in the first place, as a confirmation of his suspicion of double authorship, that the accounts of events given by the two writers sometimes contradict one another. The first chapter of Genesis, and the first three verses of the second, forming the Elohist story of creation, he maintains, contradict the Jehovist's narrative, commencing with the fourth verse of the second chapter, in the account of the order of creation of man and the beasts. He also considers that the Jehovist and Elohist accounts of the number of pairs of clean and unclean animals which Noah took with him into the ark are contradictory. He then proceeds down to the time of Moses to ascertain who these authors were. Neither of them could have been Moses, because the narrative is so full of "absurdities," "contradictions," and "impossibilities," that no eye-witness of the events could have written it. There are numerous internal signs also of its belonging to a date long after the occupation of Canaan. Who, then, can these authors be? One indication he finds in the proper names of persons and places formed by composition from the name Jehovah. He contends that there were no names so compounded before the time of Samuel; that before that time there was an abundance of names framed from El, or Elohim, such as Bethel, Israel, Othniel, Eliab, but none from Jehovah, or Jah; whereas, after that date, those of the latter composition were abundant—as Adonijah, Jedidiah, Jehoiadah, &c. Here, then, is the clue to the whole mystery; the Bishop exclaims, Eureka! and proclaims to the world that Samuel was the Elohist writer; and as the Jehovist must have been some one who lived later, though not much later, he can find no man better qualified to fill that office than one of the school of the prophets to which Samuel belonged; and hence the Jehovist is either Nathan or Gad, who, ignorant or forgetful of the imposture practised by Samuel, wrote Jehovah freely everywhere in the additions he made to the Pentateuch. But Dr. Colenso has a word more to say in confirmation of his conclusions. He examines the Psalms, and discovers, as he imagines, that in the early psalms written by David, when he was a young man flying from Saul, that Elohim prevails, while in those composed after he became king, Jehovah prevails. The conclusion, to him, is irresistible,—Jehovah was brought into general use between the youth and old age of David; and hence the inference is confirmed that Samuel was the Elohist, and Gad or Nathan the Jehovist. To crown the whole, Deuteronomy was written by Jeremiah, and was the pretended book of the law found by Josiah in the Temple, previous to the celebration of his great Passover (2 Kings xxii. 8, &c.).

Such is a brief account of Dr. Colenso's views as to the origin of the "Books of Moses," a theory which, if true, must revolutionize Christendom. We have endeavoured to state it as impartially and as fully as our space would allow, omitting nothing essential to the outline of the argument; for details recourse must be had to the Bishop's second volume itself, and, for a thorough investigation into its soundness, to the several published answers thereto.

But what are we to think of the moral condition of the inspired prophet who could practise such an imposture on his countrymen? And can any theory have on it the slightest semblance of probability that would require us to believe that Samuel was guilty of such audacious fraud? Bishop Colenso places him on the same level with Minos, Lycurgus, and Numa, legislators of old, who "sought," as he says, "to attach authority to their lessons and laws by representing them as revealed supernaturally, or at least to be divinely approved." He tells us that Samuel in coining Jehovah—a name which never existed before in tradition or legend—and forging the story of God's revelation of himself to Moses by that name, did so in order that he might make the people believe that the institutions which he wished to enforce on them emanated from the direct revelation of the Divine Being. Can anything in the tricks of the Delphian oracle or of the Cave of Trophonius surpass this? Or is the Bishop really becoming a

Lucian, heaping ridicule here on the jugglery of the oracular school of Shiloh, and its arch-prophet Samuel?

But Dr. Colenso thinks there was nothing wrong in all this conduct. He tells us that we must "lay aside our modern notions of what Samuel ought to have been, and ought to have done, and merely regard him as a great statesman, &c.;" and, again, "that there is nothing inconsistent with the belief that Samuel was a true man, a true servant of the living God, in whose name he spoke. . . . nothing to prevent our believing that he was moved by the Holy Ghost, while he strove to teach his people by the example of their fathers—set before them in a life-like story."

The apology for Samuel's conduct, then, is that it was not contrary to the notions of morality prevalent in those days. How can this be possible? Samuel seems throughout to have been a man of high principle and of the strictest integrity. His appeal to the people in his old age was (1 Sam. xii. 3):—"Behold, here I am: witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed; whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith?" &c. Can we believe that the man who appealed thus, and disavowed the blinding of his eyes by the deceit of a bribe, could have put words into the mouth of the Almighty which he in his heart knew that God had never uttered? It is impossible. Samuel's notions of morality were far higher than those attributed to him by the Bishop—far higher in him who reminded Saul that "to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." But stay; Dr. Colenso believes that Samuel was inspired—"moved by the Holy Ghost." Suppose now for a moment that this inspiration was no better than that vouchsafed to Sikh Gooroos, "not only," as the Bishop says, "in the Bible, but out of the Bible, and to our fellow-men of all climes and countries, ages and religions." Are we to believe that the Holy Ghost, even in this low degree, failed to move Samuel to perceive the detestable nature of falsehood and deceit, and the criminality of bringing Jehovah before his people with a lie in his mouth? We ask Dr. Colenso, Is the inspiration from God which he teaches men to hope for to do no more for them than it did here for Samuel? If it will not, we can only hold up our hands in amazement; if it will, this holy prophet was never guilty of such an "impudent trick," and the Bishop has maligned him.

But on what foundation is this superstructure of fraud raised? On Exodus vi. 3,—"the pivot on which the whole argument turns,"—a verse by no means certain of being correctly understood in its literal interpretation, and even doubtful of having been accurately rendered in our English version. The whole scheme rests on an interpretation no more to be relied on than the staff of Egypt.

First of all, the verse is of doubtful translation. This is the view taken in "Vindex Pentateuchii," Part II., by the Rev. F. Fowler (page 54), who considers that the correct translation should be, "I appeared unto Abraham and unto Isaac and unto Jacob by El Shaddai and by my name Jehovah. Was I not known unto them?" and contends that otherwise the following verse, "And I have also established my covenant with them," &c., would be a contradiction. Let the reader compare this with the authorized version, and he will find that the difference consists in changing "but" into "and," rejecting "by," connecting "my name Jehovah" with the former clause of the verse instead of the latter, and making the remainder of the verse interrogative,—changes which the original Hebrew appears to admit of. We would prefer, however, to put the interrogation in the form usually adopted, and given by Dr. Davidson in his "Sacred Hermeneutics,"—"and by my name, Jehovah, was I not known unto them?" It is at least more natural.

The other view taken of the verse is one of interpretation, not translation. It depends on a recognised Scriptural meaning of the expression, "known by my name Jehovah." God is often represented as known, not by his name only, but by the manifestation of those attributes which the name denotes. The verse may then be taken, "by my name," that is, as to my name, or to the qualities denoted by my name, Jehovah, "I was not known to them." This is a well-known interpretation of the words. Mr. Knight adopts it in his "Lay Protest," and adduces several passages in which Jehovah is so spoken of:—

"Jehovah is known by the judgment he executeth." (Ezek. xxx. 19.)

"I will cause them to know my hand and my might, and they shall know that my name is Jehovah." (Jer. xvi. 21.)

"In the day when I chose Israel, and made myself known unto them in the land of Egypt, when I lifted my hand to them, saying, I am Jehovah, your God. . . . I made myself known unto them in bringing them forth out of the land of Egypt."

This interpretation has the sanction of the highest authorities, and is adopted by Dr. Davidson in the work above mentioned in preference to the interrogative translation. It also coincides with the views of Archbishop Whately, who has proved, by a large induction of instances, such as, "call on the name of the Lord," "believe on the name," "save by the name," &c., that the name of Jehovah means in Scripture usage the powers of Jehovah.

The particular attribute of God expressed in this name seems to be his self-existence. It is derived from a very old Hebrew form (יהוה), of the substantive verb, and is equivalent to the I AM of Ex. iii. 14. It also denotes God's unchangeableness, as the fulfiller of promise, the great I AM who AM—ever the same. Dr. Kalish, in

his "Hebrew Family Bible," renders it "The Eternal," which, if we were to take the liberty of coining a word from Cicero, might with advantage be changed into "The Sempiternal," the Eternal of both past and future. What, then, is the conclusion to which all this leads? Unquestionably, that, as long as the Hebrew words admit of a different translation, or the present translation of a different interpretation, no Jehovahist and Elohist theory can be built on this verse. It is indispensable to the validity of the Bishop's reasoning, and the certainty of the conclusion he arrives at, that the words should be utterly incapable of any translation or interpretation but the one on which he insists. But that, we see, he cannot be sure of; and, therefore, the pivot on which he relies is too weak to support the argument which he intended should turn on it.

But has he not independent proof in the fact that there were no proper names compounded of Jehovah before the time of Samuel? Does not this fact show that Jehovah was not known until then? No, not by any means necessarily. The name may have been known for a long time before it came into general use in the composition of names. We cannot tell what the feelings of the Israelites may have been on this point. They may have avoided such names through a reverential awe of Jehovah. The name Hoshea very probably was not altered to Joshua without Divine command; and it is possible that for many generations people had hesitated to add Jehovah to their names without a similar permission. We say this is possible, and therefore it is sufficient, for we cannot tell what preventive causes were at work. But if we were to suggest a cause, perhaps the following theory—*only a theory*—might account for the non-prevalence of proper names compounded of Jah before the time of Samuel. Jehovah was the covenant God of Israel and their temporal king. As long as he was king *visible* among his people, it may be that no person would have dared to assume his name without permission. That permission was once given to Joshua, as God's representative leading Israel into the possession of the promised land. Saviours, deliverers, or judges, God afterwards raised up from time to time. But when He finally ceased to dwell among them as visible king, and had allowed kings to rule in his place over his people, the awe as to the appropriation of God's name may have declined and have been finally overcome by other considerations, and Jah, in the composition of proper names, have become general. This is only a conjecture; but probably it is as good as the Bishop's account of the matter.

But whatever be the true account, there is one Pentateuch name—and one is enough—which he cannot make to square with his theory. It is the name of Joshua, which he admits to be compounded from Jah. That name is a standing proof that Jehovah was not invented by Samuel. But no, says Dr. Colenso; he was never called Joshua during his lifetime, he was plain Hoshea, and so known until the forger Samuel prefixed the Jah, and turned him for posterity into Joshua. But stay, Bishop Colenso, not so fast. This argument depends on the broken "pivot," and cannot be sustained; for you have failed to prove that Samuel was a dishonest man, and his school of prophets like augurs who could not look at one another without laughing. We may, however, answer you in the words of Professor Harold Browne,—

"That the great hero, the great conqueror of their enemies, should be known to the Jews by one name till Samuel forged another for him, and that then from the time of the forgery for ever after he should be known only by the forged name, seems really inconceivable; and unless Samuel invented it, the name is a testimony to at least the Mosaic date of this most sacred title of the Almighty."

Driven from this stronghold, there is but one other to which he can fly—the Book of Psalms; to a search for evidence, in which he devotes seven chapters. His reasoning is as follows. If Samuel invented the name Jehovah, then it is likely that, in the writings we have of any contemporary of his, either a very sparing use of Jehovah will be found, or none at all; while in compositions of the following age it will be met with more frequently. Now David belonged to both ages, and in both composed Psalms. Does, then, Elohim occur often, and Jehovah but seldom, in the Psalms of his youth; and in those of his old age does Jehovah prevail, and Elohim become rare? Dr. Colenso argues that such is the case. He takes the second and fifth of the five books, into which the Psalms are divided, in which there are many known to be David's, and shows that the proportions are as he expected. The subject is too extensive, and the details are too wearying here to be entered into. As to Elohimism and Jehovahism, there is the greatest diversity of opinion among the best critics. Dr. Davidson, in his edition of "Horne's Introduction to the Scriptures," gives a list of opinions—Ewald's, De Wette's, Keil's, Delitsch's, and his own, all opposed to Dr. Colenso's. The best reply we have seen to the Bishop's arguments on this part of the subject is given in the fourth of Professor Harold Browne's "Lectures on the Pentateuch and Elohist Psalms." To the question, "Do those Psalms which bear the most unequivocal marks of antiquity use only, or chiefly, the name Elohim, while the later psalms use only or chiefly Jehovah," he replies, "I answer most distinctly, No. On the contrary, I assert, and am prepared to prove, that the most ancient Psalms are at least as often Jehovahistic as Elohist, &c." He calls attention to Dr. Colenso's having scarcely taken any notice of the First Book, which is almost altogether Davidic, and of a markedly archaic style and diction, and he shows from the Bishop's own tables that in this ancient part of the Psalter, Jehovah occurs four times for Elohim's once. He instances, Psalms, vii., xxvii., xxxiv., cxlii., written when David

was flying from Saul, where Jehovah occurs thirty-nine times and Elohim but seven. He shows also that in the later Psalms of David, xlv., li., lx., lxi., lxii., lxiii., lxxii., cviii., Elohim prevails in a most remarkable manner, as well as in those of a more polished style and later date composed by Asaph. After a large induction of this kind, Professor Brown concludes by saying, "Elohimism is not a mark of antiquity; Jehovahism is not a note of novelty. Diction, style, subject, tradition, all conspire to prove that many of the most ancient Psalms are eminently Jehovahistic, many of the most modern exclusively Elohist."

This brief abstract of the controversy about the Psalms will be sufficient to show what little confirmation Dr. Colenso's arguments can derive from them. The interpretation of his pivoting verse of Exodus is questionable; his estimate of Samuel's character is absurd; his argument from proper names is overthrown by a single instance; and his Jehovahism of the Psalms is enveloped in the densest cloud of doubt; and, therefore, the Pentateuch so far comes forth unscathed from the fiery ordeal to which he has subjected it.

One other matter of serious moment, especially as regards the interests of the Church, claims our attention. Dr. Colenso's advice to clergymen who do not believe in Noah's flood, is that in reading the Baptismal Service they should omit the words, "Almighty God, who of thy great mercy didst save Noah and his family in the Ark from perishing by water," disobey the law of the Church, and abide the consequences. The advice appears simple enough. What, however, are the full consequences to which it leads? Suppose a clergyman, sceptical not only about the flood but the whole Pentateuch, a thorough disciple of Dr. Colenso's,—what relief would this advice give him? His difficulties would be only commencing in the Baptismal Service. He would find equal if not greater difficulty in reading the first lessons at morning or evening service, at least whenever these would be taken from the Pentateuch; but should he not hesitate about them, surely, in conscience, he should resolutely refuse to read all Psalms which alluded in any way to the events of the Exodus, since these approach nearer to the nature of prayer. Suppose, we say, the Bishop's advice fully acted on in letter and in spirit, what would our Church Service come to? It would become, in the words of the Rev. W. Cooke's spirited pamphlet, "as various and as piebald as the vagaries and crotchets of the most fantastic coxcombs could render them." We ask Dr. Colenso, are not these the legitimate consequences of his advice? Is he prepared on any Fifth Sunday in Lent to read before an English congregation the First Lesson (Ex. iii.) about Moses and the bush, or on any 21st day of the month, at Evening Service, the 106th Psalm of thanksgiving for the deliverance from Egypt. If he is, and proper public notice be given of his intentions, we will promise him that as large a congregation as ever filled a church will assemble and look on with widely-opened eyes in infinite astonishment. Being a Bishop he may, however, never be called on to read these Psalms and Lessons; but what is the poor curate to do in some country district who has become tainted with his views, and cannot shift the disagreeable duty to the shoulders of others?

But on this question there is a serious mistake into which the Bishop falls. He supposes that every clergyman who uses the Baptismal Service *must* believe the story of the flood *literally* as given in Genesis. That is by no means necessary; he is bound to no more than that there *was* a flood, and that Noah and his family were *saved* in the ark from it. The remainder is a question of interpretation. There may be many of the clergy who do not believe the story *literally*; there are but few who don't believe it so far as it is stated in the Baptismal Service; and fewer still—very few—who reject it as a myth. They, no doubt, feel difficulties. The six days of creation have been made to stand for geological ages, and theory after theory has been invented and applied, like keys to a cipher, to solve the mystery, but all have broken down, and the mystery remains. The longevity of the Patriarchs is a mystery, and the flood is another mystery. How could it be otherwise, where the events of sixteen centuries are compressed into six chapters—two words for each year? Besides, we have to deal with ages, ideas, and a language long vanished into the distance of time. The only truly wise course to follow in such cases is a *suspension of judgment*, neither to dogmatize too confidently as to what must be the meaning enshrouded in the words of such brief narratives, nor sceptically to pronounce the whole a falsehood. As we are content to suspend our judgment on the interpretation of many portions of the Book of Revelations, though they may contain many important truths, so may we do the same with the earliest portions of the Sacred Volume relating to the events of antediluvial history, and look forward to a day in which its difficulties will be all solved.

Errata in the last Article, No. IV.

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AMONGST new Italian works published this year, the following are worthy of notice, "Opere di Pietro Giordani," "Le Complicità del Brongham," "Nullo in Polonia," "Versi di Luigi Savi."

"LES Martyrs de la Libre Pensée" (The Martyrs of Free Thought), by M. Jules Barni, has been published at Geneva.

We read in the *Journal de Bruxelles* that Mr. H. Thompson, the English surgeon who performed the operation on the King of the

Belgians, has received 100,000 francs and the cross of Commander of the Order of Leopold.

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FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI proceeds from one success to another with a rapidity and certainty that belong only to an artist of the highest class. It is but within the last few weeks that she has delighted the audiences of the Royal Italian Opera by her performance of Norina in "Don Pasquale," and Adina in "L'Elisir d'Amore;" and now she has just achieved, if possible, a greater success as Maria in "La Figlia del Reggimento." These three operas are unquestionably among the best, if not themselves the best, of Donizetti's works. There is in all of them a spontaneous freedom of style, an exuberant gaiety without vulgarity, and a sustained power, that give Donizetti a greater title to rank as a master than most of his other operas. The part of Maria in "La Figlia" is one demanding high powers, both vocal and histrionic. It is not easy to present a refined yet truthful impersonation of the French *vivandière*, combining somewhat of the pert self-confidence of the original with that delicacy of manner which redeems the character from its actual matter-of-fact coarseness. This combination Mdle. Adelina Patti realizes more happily than any previous representative of the part. She does not, as has frequently been done, exaggerate the demonstrative features of the character, but presents rather the innate grace and refinement of the young lady of noble birth whom accident has placed under influences foreign to her natural tendencies. Mdle. Patti's acting and singing were throughout in the highest style of musical comedy. Nothing could be more arch and animated, yet more graceful, than her "Rataplan" duet with Sergeant Sulpizio; while, in the lesson scene with the Marchioness, her brilliant singing and vivacious acting were alike admirable. Signor Ciampi, as Sulpizio, acted and sang carefully and earnestly; and the same may be said of Signor Neri-Baraldi, as Tonio. Of the way in which the opera is put on the stage it is sufficient to say that it is on a scale commensurate with all the productions of this establishment. The crowd of well-caparisoned soldiers which fills the stage represents a regiment in full force, and presents a remarkable contrast to the handful of dingy supernumeraries to which we have heretofore been accustomed in the situation. In every respect the first performance of "La Figlia del Reggimento," at the Royal Italian Opera, on Tuesday, was a great success. The season is to close to-night with a second performance of "La Figlia."

Her Majesty's Theatre still prolongs its performances by a few more "last nights" at "cheap prices;" "Oberon," "Faust," and "Figaro," forming the chief attractions.

The Crystal Palace concerts have maintained their high character both in selection and performance. A "Recital" performance is announced here, for Wednesday next, of the music of Gounod's "Faust," to be sustained by the artists of Her Majesty's Theatre who have appeared there in the opera. Whether the work is intrinsically strong enough to bear such dislocation from scenic and stage accessories may fairly be doubted.

This week may be said virtually to end the musical season of 1863—but Mr. Mellon's short series of concerts which commence on August 10th, will form a kind of connecting link between the special season and those autumn and winter performances which complete the circle of the year, and make London the most permanently musical capital in the world.

SCIENCE.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL CONGRESS AT ROCHESTER.

THE annual congress of the Archæological Institute commenced at Rochester on Monday, under the presidency of the Marquis Camden. That city ranks next to Canterbury in historical associations, and possesses two remarkable monuments of the feudal age in its Norman cathedral and castle. At the close of the first day's meeting a large party, two hundred in number, visited the chief objects of interest, including the sites of All Souls' Chapel and St. Clement's Church, the buildings on which are now no more, and the ancient Crown Hotel, the descendant it is said of a still more ancient "hostelrie" with the same patronymic in the thirteenth century. The temporary museum of ancient articles found in the county, and other objects of archæological interest, is extremely good, and remarkably rich in the finest specimens of Anglo-Saxon jewellery and beads—the famous Faussett collection being exhibited by Mr. Mayer of Liverpool, and containing the finest examples from Kingston, Sibertswold, Ash, Ozengall, Fordwich, and other famous Saxon localities in East Kent; but the most remarkable specimens being the coloured glass, and fluor spar or amethyst beads. There was another collection close by, containing even more magnificent gold and silver brooches and other articles, and with which were also beads seemingly of true amethyst. The occurrence of these precious stones in the Saxon graves in the great chalk county Kent, where no stony jewels are found, is somewhat singular. The corporation of Dover also display their seals, horns, mace, and charters, and Rochester contributes also its regalia. Canterbury sends the veritable curfew long preserved in one of the ancient residences of the Derings—Shelve House. The long brass horn, 5 feet 7 inches in length, found some few years ago on the Romney shore, and reminding one of the same long, narrow horns which trumpeters are blowing on some of the Cinque Ports seals, also appears amongst helmets, armour, and ancient muskets. It is probably Flemish, and of the fifteenth century. Numerous articles of Samian ware, from the submerged bank known as the "Pudding Pans" off Whitstable were also conspicuous. Flint implements of various kinds are also displayed—ground celts from Greenhithe and Hartlip, and chipped implements from Maidstone, Reigate, and Ightham. One especially, from the early entrenchment called Oldbury, near the latter place, is very remarkable, as approaching the larger and more roundly-ended specimens of the valley of the Somme. Amongst the pictures is the famous one, by Holbein, of the embarkation of Henry VIII. in the then remarkable war-ship, the *Harry, Grace de Dieu*, built by order of that king in 1512, after the fatal conflict in Bretagne Bay, when the *Great Regent* was burnt in action.

The papers read in the various sections have been numerous and good. Of these we may first notice "Roger de Leybourne—his Share in the Barons' War," by Mr. Burt, one of the assistant keepers of Public Records. Leybourne Castle, in Kent, is still a fine old ruin, and Roger de Leybourne was one of the great men of his day. The title of Mr. Burt's paper might almost seem a misnomer if viewed in the light that the two great events in that memorable contest are almost unnoticed in it; but the battles of Lewes and Evesham will be found to have had their due place in Leybourne's history, and to have affected materially the incidents which are the subjects of Mr. Burt's remarks, which were founded upon some original documents returned into the Royal Exchequer by this active Kentish baron. They are chiefly an account for services performed for the king in Leybourne's capacity of Constable of Rochester Castle. In his able review of the civil wars of the thirteenth century, "The Barons' Wars," Mr. Blaauw has traced the course of events in which those wars had their rise, and has sketched their varied phases with an eloquent but careful pen. In reference to the topics met with in the documents referred to, which have been made known since Mr. Blaauw produced his excellent book, we have need to bear in mind, the accession of Henry III. to the throne, after his father's short, inglorious, and distracted reign, full of continued struggles against the powerful party of the nobles who had wrested from him the Great Charter. The young king was then but nine years old, and was first under the able guardianship of the Earl of Pembroke; but on his death a foreign Bishop of Winchester succeeded as regent, and the preference thus given to foreigners revived the slumbering fires of discontent, and soon produced those bad results, which the marriage of the king with the beautiful Eleanor of Provence, by the great addition it brought to the retinue of foreigners thriving upon the land, holding its castles, and enjoying offices of trust, provoked to the utmost, and caused the positions of the king and his nobles to assume a direct antagonism. Over and over again the provisions of the Great Charter were disregarded and re-confirmed in turn, until in 1258, at the Parliament summoned at Oxford, a strong party of the confederated barons insisted upon a scheme for reforming the abuses of the regal government, and demanded that the offices of State and the fortresses of the kingdom should be held by Englishmen only. The famous Simon de Montfort was at the head of the barons. For four years numerous attempts were made to carry out the "Oxford Constitutions;" but the feelings of animosity increasing, an open rupture took place in 1262. To understand Roger de Leybourne's connection with these events we must briefly survey the little that is known of his history. In the tenth year of Richard I., Robert de Leybourne being dead, a fine was paid for the marriage of his heir; and in

the ninth of John, Margaret, his widow, paid a fine for a licence to marry again. Roger was probably the only son of this union, and for his active part with the barons in obtaining the Great Charter he was committed to prison under the custody of Peter de Maulay, and released only on paying the moiety of a fine of 500 marks and giving security for his future good behaviour. From that time nothing appears about him until 1253, when royal letters of protection were granted to absolve him for killing a Norman knight, Ernulph de Mounteney, in a tournament at Walden, in Essex. In the ensuing year he accompanied the king to Gascony. Again there is a gap in his history until we find him at the outbreak on the frontier of Wales in respect to the Oxford Statutes among the partisans of the barons, who took a leading part in these hostilities, and "spared neither houses, parks, nor churches." The contest continued, with varying success, for two years, when the French King was appealed to as arbiter, and delivered his judgment at Amiens, in 1264, against the barons, who, then alleging partiality, took again to arms. But many who had before been with them now changed sides—amongst these was Roger de Leybourne.

The documents discussed by Mr. Burt tell the story of Roger de Leybourne's active services for the king in the words of an account which he sent to the Royal Exchequer, claiming a large sum of money for those services, and the expenses and damages he had incurred in them. The daily accounts, setting out every item of his actual occupation, and his cost of living day by day, are not quite complete; but the bill itself, divided into several portions according to the business on which he was engaged, is entire. And besides the interest they afford in their subject-matter, they are curious as being earlier than the earliest account of an individual's expenses hitherto known. The first portion of Leybourne's account comprises the period from the 6th of March to the 27th of April, 1264.

The arms of the Montfort party had been crowned with success in various quarters, and the capture of the wives of the barons at Gloucester had been more than atoned for by that of Prince Edward at Northampton, when on the first-named day, Leybourne returned to Eynesford in Kent, from a visit to the king at Windsor, and thence proceeded to Rochester to provision the castle in case of siege. On the day after the feast of St. Tiburtius and Valerian (15th April), he was visited by the Earl of Warren and William de Breuse, and something like a feast was held on the occasion, as twenty-four sectaries of wine and as many of cider were consumed; a hundred and twenty horses were also fed within the castle. At this time the barons' party attacked the town, and the following day assaulted the castle. The story is graphically told in the chronicle of William Rishanger, a monk of St. Albans, but in the Leybourne documents it is simply stated "*stetit insultum castrum*." On the Saturday following the barons are said to have withdrawn, and on the Tuesday after the Earl of Warren left Rochester, accompanied Mr. Burt thinks, by Roger de Leybourne; for although he is reported by one writer to have been wounded during the siege, there is no mention in his accounts of any such accident, while the comparison of other authorities of indisputable character show that all available forces were withdrawn from the neighbouring stronghold to swell the Royal army, and that Leybourne took a prominent part in the negotiations preceding the battle of Lewes. The loss sustained by Leybourne in goods stored up in the castle, owing to its surrender to the barons, is recorded.

For some time after the battle of Lewes, Leybourne seems to have lain *perdu*, but when the royal party began again to take heart he was soon found amongst its leaders, negotiating with Montfort, and obtaining permission to visit Prince Edward in his confinement at Kenilworth, and the king at Pershore. Shortly after the prince's escape, the decisive battle of Evesham was fought on the 4th of August, 1265, in which Montfort was slain and his party routed—a result to which Leybourne eminently contributed.

Numerous other items properly collated with contemporary events yield also instructive information, but we have given sufficient to show the historical value of these documents.

A paper of appropriate local interest on the visits to Rochester by royal and distinguished personages between 1300 and 1783, was read on Wednesday, by W. B. Rye, Assistant-Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum.

The subject of Cæsar's landing—a topic for criticism for the past three centuries—was brought forward by Dr. Guest, the Master of Caius College, who started with the assumed undeniable basis that Cæsar sailed from some port to some port. Doubtless he came across the Channel, but where did he sail from and where did he arrive? Before starting he tried to get information about the passage, and getting but little ashore he sent an officer in a long ship to survey. While this was going on he collected his army, and, according to his own statement, certainly sailed from some port in the country of the Morini. Dr. Guest then canvassed the merits, demerits, circumstances, and situations of all the minor ports for some distance on both sides of Boulogne. Cæsar followed, he considered, the Roman road until he came to a port, and this port he took for his embarkation, not because it was the best or most suited, but because it was at hand. The question thus resolved itself to this, was the Portus Itius Boulogne or Wissant? During the occupation of Britain by the Romans Boulogne was the port, but in earlier times Etaples, while Wissant was the port in mediæval times, and was destroyed by a great sandstorm in the fifteenth century. After the destruction of Wissant, Calais was used, and the former is now an open beach, but its bare shores form still a port; and it was, in Dr. Guest's

opinion, undoubtedly the Itius of the time of Cæsar. He then entered into an account of its details, endeavouring to show that the present port did not actually represent the ancient one, as, the sands being always in motion, the features of the shore were continually varying. The plan of the Portus Itius he regarded as similar to that of the Portus Lemani on this side of the Channel at Lympne, and he referred to Cape Grinez especially as being the Itian promontory—an expression indicative of one projecting point of land at a place where there could be but one; whilst, on the other hand, when more than one occurred, as at Dover, they were spoken of as the "headlands." It was impossible, however, to pass over the fact that under this view Cæsar places the promontory on the wrong side of Boulogne, but as Ptolemy blundered, so he thought Cæsar might also have blundered in his geography.

The Norman monks knew nothing of the Itian question; and, according to Dr. Guest, although well acquainted with the curricula of learning, were in happy or unhappy ignorance of many very ordinary things. They knew nothing of Cæsar any more than did Bede or Alfred, while the obscure literature that was current in the dark ages consisted chiefly of chronicles. The name of the Portus Itius has been handed down by Romanised Gauls.

The etymology of the *Mer Iche*, the "Itian Sea," *Iche*, and other examples were discussed to show the meaning of *Itius*; and the various ways of spelling *Iccius*, *Ictius*, and *Itius* were regarded as mere variations, like the different spellings of Caractacus. Dr. Guest then recapitulated his conclusions, and gave several reasons in favour of Wissant. Having so far settled the point of starting, Dr. Guest came to the more difficult one of the place of landing. Starting with a south-west wind, Cæsar had about eighty vessels of considerable burden, and in all about a hundred. The time of sailing was midnight, that of arrival off the English coast ten in the morning, but all his vessels were not there until two. The tide, Dr. Guest argued, was not the cause of this delay, the rate being but two miles an hour—a slowness he attributed to the immense strength and clumsiness of the Gaulish vessels, and the peculiar manner of sailing the Roman ships. This, he thought, accounted for the time spent, and the point of arrival he set down as indisputably Dover, and where he waited for the heavy vessels to come up. The tide was high at two o'clock; Halley's opinion in this respect being followed. The action of the tides was better known now than formerly, but even if the tide had turned on Cæsar's arrival along the shore it was still flowing in mid-channel. To regard Cæsar's fleet as taking a westwardly course Dr. Guest considers would be to get into an inextricable dilemma; while both French and English differ in their construction of the passages describing Cæsar's sailing, especially of the words "*in ancoris expectavit*." De Saucy's suggestion, that an hour and a half passed before Cæsar sailed put, to his mind, all argument out of the question. He then went on to inquire whether the conditions of the problem are the same now as they were at that time. The line of coast might be slightly altered perhaps, the cliffs much worn away, but the general outlines not much changed, and there was still the same sands and other sea-accretions upon the shore. At Romney Marsh there was still the bed of shingle which the Romans "*inned*," but the present great beach at Dengeness was a more recent accumulation. The changes in this district had been mostly gains of land, a great estuary having probably, in the Roman era, occupied the site of Romney marsh. He next proceeded to consider the effect of this change upon the flood-tide, and then to discuss whether the Goodwin Sands were then what they are now.

Why, too, had the deep sea off Deal received its name, "The Downs?" In the same district we have "Sandown," and perhaps the formation of sand "downs" on the shore might have given rise to the term. If the coast be altered, nothing remains but Cæsar's words to settle the point; but, considering their meaning, the "Forelands" would compare better with Cæsar's "headlands" than the lofty limestone hills of Hythe. Such were in the main Dr. Guest's views, and no topic of greater interest could have been more appropriately brought forward anywhere than at the Kent Congress. Two points, however, seem to us to have been very much neglected or ignored in the discussions on Cæsar's landing—the possible influence which the then open channel behind the Isle of Thanet might have had in altering the time of high water, and perhaps also the set and condition of the ebb, for now the two tides into which the main tidal wave splits at the Land's End pass, one round the north of Scotland, the other up the Channel, and meet and collapse probably about the Goodwins, but in Roman times the channel behind the Isle of Thanet was open, might perhaps have permitted the Channel tide to have flowed up before the Northern tide flowed down, and in this way may possibly have affected the periods and conditions of high water. The other point is the decisive language of Cæsar in respect to the slipperiness of the shore where his troops landed,—a condition only offered by the blue-clay floor of Eastwear Bay. The mere marine accumulations of shingle, sand, or ooze must have been familiar to Cæsar, and we can but think that it was some unusual condition, such as is presented by the gault shore at Folkestone, that elicited such marked expression. If it be urged that Cæsar took the handiest port for embarking, it may be equally urged that he took the handiest for landing, and in neither case will it follow that the Roman intercourse during their dominion here was carried on through ports established at either place. Moreover, at Folkestone, as well as Wissant, there is a simple entrenched camp on the heights, as if formed for temporary purposes, while at the permanent ports, near Richborough and Lympne, solid masonry castra were erected. To discuss this topic thoroughly, we

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FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

MDLLE. ADELINA PATTI proceeds from one success to another with a rapidity and certainty that belong only to an artist of the highest class. It is but within the last few weeks that she has delighted the audiences of the Royal Italian Opera by her performance of Norina in "Don Pasquale," and Adina in "L'Elisir d'Amore;" and now she has just achieved, if possible, a greater success as Maria in "La Figlia del Reggimento." These three operas are unquestionably among the best, if not themselves the best, of Donizetti's works. There is in all of them a spontaneous freedom of style, an exuberant gaiety without vulgarity, and a sustained power, that give Donizetti a greater title to rank as a master than most of his other operas. The part of Maria in "La Figlia" is one demanding high powers, both vocal and histrionic. It is not easy to present a refined yet truthful impersonation of the French *vivandière*, combining somewhat of the pert self-confidence of the original with that delicacy of manner which redeems the character from its actual matter-of-fact coarseness. This combination Mdle. Adelina Patti realizes more happily than any previous representative of the part. She does not, as has frequently been done, exaggerate the demonstrative features of the character, but presents rather the innate grace and refinement of the young lady of noble birth whom accident has placed under influences foreign to her natural tendencies. Mdle. Patti's acting and singing were throughout in the highest style of musical comedy. Nothing could be more arch and animated, yet more graceful, than her "Rataplan" duet with Sergeant Sulpizio; while, in the lesson scene with the Marchioness, her brilliant singing and vivacious acting were alike admirable. Signor Ciampi, as Sulpizio, acted and sang carefully and earnestly; and the same may be said of Signor Neri-Baraldi, as Tonio. Of the way in which the opera is put on the stage it is sufficient to say that it is on a scale commensurate with all the productions of this establishment. The crowd of well-caparisoned soldiers which fills the stage represents a regiment in full force, and presents a remarkable contrast to the handful of dingy supernumeraries to which we have heretofore been accustomed in the situation. In every respect the first performance of "La Figlia del Reggimento," at the Royal Italian Opera, on Tuesday, was a great success. The season is to close to-night with a second performance of "La Figlia."

Her Majesty's Theatre still prolongs its performances by a few more "last nights" at "cheap prices;" "Oberon," "Faust," and "Figaro," forming the chief attractions.

The Crystal Palace concerts have maintained their high character both in selection and performance. A "Recital" performance is announced here, for Wednesday next, of the music of Gounod's "Faust," to be sustained by the artists of Her Majesty's Theatre who have appeared there in the opera. Whether the work is intrinsically strong enough to bear such dislocation from scenic and stage accessories may fairly be doubted.

This week may be said virtually to end the musical season of 1863—but Mr. Mellon's short series of concerts which commence on August 10th, will form a kind of connecting link between the special season and those autumn and winter performances which complete the circle of the year, and make London the most permanently musical capital in the world.

SCIENCE.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL CONGRESS AT ROCHESTER.

THE annual congress of the Archaeological Institute commenced at Rochester on Monday, under the presidency of the Marquis Camden. That city ranks next to Canterbury in historical associations, and possesses two remarkable monuments of the feudal age in its Norman cathedral and castle. At the close of the first day's meeting a large party, two hundred in number, visited the chief objects of interest, including the sites of All Souls' Chapel and St. Clement's Church, the buildings on which are now no more, and the ancient Crown Hotel, the descendant it is said of a still more ancient "hostelrie" with the same patronymic in the thirteenth century. The temporary museum of ancient articles found in the county, and other objects of archaeological interest, is extremely good, and remarkably rich in the finest specimens of Anglo-Saxon jewellery and beads—the famous Faussett collection being exhibited by Mr. Mayer of Liverpool, and containing the finest examples from Kingston, Sibbertswold, Ash, Ozengall, Fordwich, and other famous Saxon localities in East Kent; but the most remarkable specimens being the coloured glass, and flint spar or amethyst beads. There was another collection close by, containing even more magnificent gold and silver brooches and other articles, and with which were also beads seemingly of true amethyst. The occurrence of these precious stones in the Saxon graves in the great chalk county Kent, where no stony jewels are found, is somewhat singular. The corporation of Dover also display their seals, horns, mace, and charters, and Rochester contributes also its regalia. Canterbury sends the veritable curfew long preserved in one of the ancient residences of the Derings—Shelve House. The long brass horn, 5 feet 7 inches in length, found some few years ago on the Romney shore, and reminding one of the same long, narrow horns which trumpeters are blowing on some of the Cinque Ports seals, also appears amongst helmets, armour, and ancient muskets. It is probably Flemish, and of the fifteenth century. Numerous articles of Samian ware, from the submerged bank known as the "Pudding Pans" off Whitstable were also conspicuous. Flint implements of various kinds are also displayed—ground celts from Greenhithe and Hartlip, and chipped implements from Maidstone, Reigate, and Igham. One especially, from the early entrenchment called Oldbury, near the latter place, is very remarkable, as approaching the larger and more roundly-ended specimens of the valley of the Somme. Amongst the pictures is the famous one, by Holbein, of the embarkation of Henry VIII. in the then remarkable war-ship, the *Harry, Grace de Dieu*, built by order of that king in 1512, after the fatal conflict in Bretagne Bay, when the *Great Regent* was burnt in action.

The papers read in the various sections have been numerous and good. Of these we may first notice "Roger de Leybourne—his Share in the Barons' War," by Mr. Burt, one of the assistant keepers of Public Records. Leybourne Castle, in Kent, is still a fine old ruin, and Roger de Leybourne was one of the great men of his day. The title of Mr. Burt's paper might almost seem a misnomer if viewed in the light that the two great events in that memorable contest are almost unnoticed in it; but the battles of Lewes and Evesham will be found to have had their due place in Leybourne's history, and to have affected materially the incidents which are the subjects of Mr. Burt's remarks, which were founded upon some original documents returned into the Royal Exchequer by this active Kentish baron. They are chiefly an account for services performed for the king in Leybourne's capacity of Constable of Rochester Castle. In his able review of the civil wars of the thirteenth century, "The Barons' Wars," Mr. Blaauw has traced the course of events in which those wars had their rise, and has sketched their varied phases with an eloquent but careful pen. In reference to the topics met with in the documents referred to, which have been made known since Mr. Blaauw produced his excellent book, we have need to bear in mind, the accession of Henry III. to the throne, after his father's short, inglorious, and distracted reign, full of continued struggles against the powerful party of the nobles who had wrested from him the Great Charter. The young king was then but nine years old, and was first under the able guardianship of the Earl of Pembroke; but on his death a foreign Bishop of Winchester succeeded as regent, and the preference thus given to foreigners revived the slumbering fires of discontent, and soon produced those bad results, which the marriage of the king with the beautiful Eleanor of Provence, by the great addition it brought to the retinue of foreigners thriving upon the land, holding its castles, and enjoying offices of trust, provoked to the utmost, and caused the positions of the king and his nobles to assume a direct antagonism. Over and over again the provisions of the Great Charter were disregarded and re-confirmed in turn, until in 1258, at the Parliament summoned at Oxford, a strong party of the confederated barons insisted upon a scheme for reforming the abuses of the regal government, and demanded that the offices of State and the fortresses of the kingdom should be held by Englishmen only. The famous Simon de Montfort was at the head of the barons. For four years numerous attempts were made to carry out the "Oxford Constitutions;" but the feelings of animosity increasing, an open rupture took place in 1262. To understand Roger de Leybourne's connection with these events we must briefly survey the little that is known of his history. In the tenth year of Richard I., Robert de Leybourne being dead, a fine was paid for the marriage of his heir; and in

the ninth of John, Margaret, his widow, paid a fine for a licence to marry again. Roger was probably the only son of this union, and for his active part with the barons in obtaining the Great Charter he was committed to prison under the custody of Peter de Maulay, and released only on paying the moiety of a fine of 500 marks and giving security for his future good behaviour. From that time nothing appears about him until 1253, when royal letters of protection were granted to absolve him for killing a Norman knight, Ernulph de Mounteney, in a tournament at Walden, in Essex. In the ensuing year he accompanied the king to Gascony. Again there is a gap in his history until we find him at the outbreak on the frontier of Wales in respect to the Oxford Statutes among the partisans of the barons, who took a leading part in these hostilities, and "spared neither houses, parks, nor churches." The contest continued, with varying success, for two years, when the French King was appealed to as arbiter, and delivered his judgment at Amiens, in 1264, against the barons, who, then alleging partiality, took again to arms. But many who had before been with them now changed sides—amongst these was Roger de Leybourne.

The documents discussed by Mr. Burt tell the story of Roger de Leybourne's active services for the king in the words of an account which he sent to the Royal Exchequer, claiming a large sum of money for those services, and the expenses and damages he had incurred in them. The daily accounts, setting out every item of his actual occupation, and his cost of living day by day, are not quite complete; but the bill itself, divided into several portions according to the business on which he was engaged, is entire. And besides the interest they afford in their subject-matter, they are curious as being earlier than the earliest account of an individual's expenses hitherto known. The first portion of Leybourne's account comprises the period from the 6th of March to the 27th of April, 1264.

The arms of the Montfort party had been crowned with success in various quarters, and the capture of the wives of the barons at Gloucester had been more than atoned for by that of Prince Edward at Northampton, when on the first-named day, Leybourne returned to Eynesford in Kent, from a visit to the king at Windsor, and thence proceeded to Rochester to provision the castle in case of siege. On the day after the feast of St. Tiburtius and Valerian (15th April), he was visited by the Earl of Warren and William de Breuse, and something like a feast was held on the occasion, as twenty-four sectaries of wine and as many of cider were consumed; a hundred and twenty horses were also fed within the castle. At this time the barons' party attacked the town, and the following day assaulted the castle. The story is graphically told in the chronicle of William Rishanger, a monk of St. Albans, but in the Leybourne documents it is simply stated "*stetit insultum castrum*." On the Saturday following the barons are said to have withdrawn, and on the Tuesday after the Earl of Warren left Rochester, accompanied Mr. Burt thinks, by Roger de Leybourne; for although he is reported by one writer to have been wounded during the siege, there is no mention in his accounts of any such accident, while the comparison of other authorities of indisputable character show that all available forces were withdrawn from the neighbouring stronghold to swell the Royal army, and that Leybourne took a prominent part in the negotiations preceding the battle of Lewes. The loss sustained by Leybourne in goods stored up in the castle, owing to its surrender to the barons, is recorded.

For some time after the battle of Lewes, Leybourne seems to have lain *perdu*, but when the royal party began again to take heart he was soon found amongst its leaders, negotiating with Montfort, and obtaining permission to visit Prince Edward in his confinement at Kenilworth, and the king at Pershore. Shortly after the prince's escape, the decisive battle of Evesham was fought on the 4th of August, 1265, in which Montfort was slain and his party routed—a result to which Leybourne eminently contributed.

Numerous other items properly collated with contemporary events yield also instructive information, but we have given sufficient to show the historical value of these documents.

A paper of appropriate local interest on the visits to Rochester by royal and distinguished personages between 1300 and 1783, was read on Wednesday, by W. B. Rye, Assistant-Keeper of Printed Books in the British Museum.

The subject of Cæsar's landing—a topic for criticism for the past three centuries—was brought forward by Dr. Guest, the Master of Caius College, who started with the assumed undeniable basis that Cæsar sailed from some port to some port. Doubtless he came across the Channel, but where did he sail from and where did he arrive? Before starting he tried to get information about the passage, and getting but little ashore he sent an officer in a long ship to survey. While this was going on he collected his army, and, according to his own statement, certainly sailed from some port in the country of the Morini. Dr. Guest then canvassed the merits, demerits, circumstances, and situations of all the minor ports for some distance on both sides of Boulogne. Cæsar followed, he considered, the Roman road until he came to a port, and this port he took for his embarkation, not because it was the best or most suited, but because it was at hand. The question thus resolved itself to this, was the Portus Itius Boulogne or Wissant? During the occupation of Britain by the Romans Boulogne was the port, but in earlier times Etaples, while Wissant was the port in mediæval times, and was destroyed by a great sandstorm in the fifteenth century. After the destruction of Wissant, Calais was used, and the former is now an open beach, but its bare shores form still a port; and it was, in Dr. Guest's

opinion, undoubtedly the Itius of the time of Cæsar. He then entered into an account of its details, endeavouring to show that the present port did not actually represent the ancient one, as, the sands being always in motion, the features of the shore were continually varying. The plan of the Portus Itius he regarded as similar to that of the Portus Lemani on this side of the Channel at Lympne, and he referred to Cape Grinez especially as being the Itian promontory—an expression indicative of one projecting point of land at a place where there could be but one; whilst, on the other hand, when more than one occurred, as at Dover, they were spoken of as the "headlands." It was impossible, however, to pass over the fact that under this view Cæsar places the promontory on the wrong side of Boulogne, but as Ptolemy blundered, so he thought Cæsar might also have blundered in his geography.

The Norman monks knew nothing of the Itian question; and, according to Dr. Guest, although well acquainted with the curricula of learning, were in happy or unhappy ignorance of many very ordinary things. They knew nothing of Cæsar any more than did Bede or Alfred, while the obscure literature that was current in the dark ages consisted chiefly of chronicles. The name of the Portus Itius has been handed down by Romanised Gauls.

The etymology of the *Mer Iche*, the "Itian Sea," *Iche*, and other examples were discussed to show the meaning of *Itius*; and the various ways of spelling *Iccius*, *Ictius*, and *Itius* were regarded as mere variations, like the different spellings of Caractacus. Dr. Guest then recapitulated his conclusions, and gave several reasons in favour of Wissant. Having so far settled the point of starting, Dr. Guest came to the more difficult one of the place of landing. Starting with a south-west wind, Cæsar had about eighty vessels of considerable burden, and in all about a hundred. The time of sailing was midnight, that of arrival off the English coast ten in the morning, but all his vessels were not there until two. The tide, Dr. Guest argued, was not the cause of this delay, the rate being but two miles an hour—a slowness he attributed to the immense strength and clumsiness of the Gaulish vessels, and the peculiar manner of sailing the Roman ships. This, he thought, accounted for the time spent, and the point of arrival he set down as indisputably Dover, and where he waited for the heavy vessels to come up. The tide was high at two o'clock; Halley's opinion in this respect being followed. The action of the tides was better known now than formerly, but even if the tide had turned on Cæsar's arrival along the shore it was still flowing in mid-channel. To regard Cæsar's fleet as taking a westwardly course Dr. Guest considers would be to get into an inextricable dilemma; while both French and English differ in their construction of the passages describing Cæsar's sailing, especially of the words "*in ancoris expectavit*." De Saucy's suggestion, that an hour and a half passed before Cæsar sailed put, to his mind, all argument out of the question. He then went on to inquire whether the conditions of the problem are the same now as they were at that time. The line of coast might be slightly altered perhaps, the cliffs much worn away, but the general outlines not much changed, and there was still the same sands and other sea-accretions upon the shore. At Romney Marsh there was still the bed of shingle which the Romans "*inned*," but the present great beach at Dengeness was a more recent accumulation. The changes in this district had been mostly gains of land, a great estuary having probably, in the Roman era, occupied the site of Romney marsh. He next proceeded to consider the effect of this change upon the flood-tide, and then to discuss whether the Goodwin Sands were then what they are now.

Why, too, had the deep sea off Deal received its name, "The Downs?" In the same district we have "Sandown," and perhaps the formation of sand "downs" on the shore might have given rise to the term. If the coast be altered, nothing remains but Cæsar's words to settle the point; but, considering their meaning, the "*Forelands*" would compare better with Cæsar's "*headlands*," than the lofty limestone hills of Hythe. Such were in the main Dr. Guest's views, and no topic of greater interest could have been more appropriately brought forward anywhere than at the Kent Congress. Two points, however, seem to us to have been very much neglected or ignored in the discussions on Cæsar's landing—the possible influence which the then open channel behind the Isle of Thanet might have had in altering the time of high water, and perhaps also the set and condition of the ebb, for now the two tides into which the main tidal wave splits at the Land's End pass, one round the north of Scotland, the other up the Channel, and meet and collapse probably about the Goodwins, but in Roman times the channel behind the Isle of Thanet was open, might perhaps have permitted the Channel tide to have flowed up before the Northern tide flowed down, and in this way may possibly have affected the periods and conditions of high water. The other point is the decisive language of Cæsar in respect to the slipperiness of the shore where his troops landed,—a condition only offered by the blue-clay floor of Eastwear Bay. The mere marine accumulations of shingle, sand, or ooze must have been familiar to Cæsar, and we can but think that it was some unusual condition, such as is presented by the gault shore at Folkestone, that elicited such marked expression. If it be urged that Cæsar took the handiest port for embarking, it may be equally urged that he took the handiest for landing, and in neither case will it follow that the Roman intercourse during their dominion here was carried on through ports established at either place. Moreover, at Folkestone, as well as Wissant, there is a simple entrenched camp on the heights, as if formed for temporary purposes, while at the permanent ports, near Richborough and Lympne, solid masonry castra were erected. To discuss this topic thoroughly, we

think more research and wider views are necessary than have yet been devoted to it.

Beyham Abbey, one of the finest ecclesiastical ruins in the county, has been ably described by Mr. Bennett; and in a paper "On the Archæology of the Law," Mr. Fox attempted to derive most of our legal practices and customs from the Saxons, remarking that no other district of England had furnished so many high law-officers, no fewer than fifteen Archbishops of Canterbury and seven Bishops of Rochester having held the office of Lord Chancellor.

Other subjects of high interest are announced—the meeting lasting until the 4th inst.,—as well as numerous excursions. Amongst the places of interest already visited are Cobham, the church of which is remarkable for its numerous fine sepulchral brasses; and Mallory Abbey, which presents a noble and elaborate Norman front.

INDIA AND HIGH ASIA.

DURING their charge of the scientific mission which the three brothers Hermann, Adolphus, and Robert de Schlagintweit undertook under the auspices of the India Government in 1854 and three subsequent years, they made not only journeys of an unusual extent, from Assam to the Punjab, from Ceylon up to Khotan and Kashgar in Turkistan, but the truly scientific character of their journals is not a less distinctive feature; the descriptive part too of the regions and nations they examined is illustrated by a series of more than 700 large views, and by 275 casts of the faces of individuals of various races, besides photographs of many more. The publication of the various volumes containing the results of their important mission was commenced in 1861 by Mr. Trübner of London, and M. Brockhaus of Leipsic; and three large quarto volumes, with portions of an atlas of plates and maps, have been up to this time produced, the third volume being only just completed.

The first and second volumes contain details of physical geography, a subject upon which Hermann de Schlagintweit, in conjunction with his brother Adolphus, had already published, before the three brothers' departure, two very interesting works, based upon observations in the alpine regions of Europe. The present volumes contain the magnetic observations and the determinations of latitudes, longitudes, and heights. As a result particularly novel, as well as characteristic of the magnetic laws of these regions, it must be mentioned that the central part of India showed a decided increase of magnetic intensity, the contour of its limits nearly coinciding with that of the peninsula. This hypsometrical portion includes also a most careful compilation of all the observations made before by other observers. As one of the principal geographical results, the maps accompanying these researches show that it is not the Kuenlun which regulates the drainage by forming the watershed between India and Central Asia, but the Karahosum, a mountain chain which, not being crossed by any previous travellers, was not sufficiently recognized in respect to its geographical importance.

The third volume is an arrangement of their route-book with the literature-books and maps of the subject, and general information for the traveller. In the varied nature of the earth's surface, physical impediments are often presented to the intercourse of nations, to the travels of man, and the geographical spread of various branches of the human race. In no place are there more seemingly insuperable obstacles than in the lofty and continuous mountain-ranges of High-Asia or the Indo-Chinese peninsula—the most elevated region on our globe. And yet those that from their orographical and physical conditions seem to the first glance completely inaccessible, have been overcome by human energy, and are traversed by large caravans along regular routes.

The routes in the volume before us are two hundred and forty-one in number, and are compiled from the authors' travels in the parts they visited, and in other portions from the itineraries and works of European travellers, and accounts given by intelligent native merchants and leaders of caravans. Accompanied by explanations as to the roads, nature of the passes, and heights of various places, supplies, fuel, and other useful information, these itineraries can but afford increased facilities for future travellers in visiting these highly interesting districts, while such a route-book has a practical bearing upon questions of general and commercial as well as military importance. The present volume contains the routes leading through the provinces of the Himalaya, Western Thibet, and Turkistan, Kokand, Bokhara in Central Asia—the latter three, with that of Gilgit in Western Thibet, being still only accessible under the frail protection of a disguise. The index-map to the routes is drawn on a scale of twenty miles to an inch, and in order to make it clear and precisely adapted to its purpose, only the starting and terminal points of each route are inserted, with the addition of some of the principal rivers and passes.

The topographical literature is very complete and useful; as is also the practical information for travellers. The terminal part of the rainy season is not only the most unhealthy in the Lower Himalaya regions, as it is in India, but the difficulties of travelling are greatly increased by the state of the rivers, which at such times are so swollen as to be unfordable, and the current often so violent as to carry away bridges and parts of the roads. The rainy season is very little felt in the central parts of the Western Himalaya, and does not extend into Thibet; although in some of its provinces, especially in Guari, Khórsum, and Western Báliti,

its influence is perceptible in July and August by a general increase of atmospheric moisture and occasional showers. The southern or lower parts of the Himalayas are best visited from October to March, during which period the climate is delightful and bracing, and although the traveller may occasionally find some snow at heights above 5,000 feet, he will never be seriously inconvenienced by it; but as early as April or May the heat becomes oppressive, and is felt in the lower valleys, even up to the height of 3,500 feet, almost as oppressively as in the plains of India. For the central parts and the higher valleys the best time is from June to September, when the summer villages of Kamaon and Garhwal are inhabited. These are some of the few places in the East analogous to our Alpine villages in Europe. The Himalayan passes above 16,000 feet are all closed in winter from November to May, and even in June it is often difficult to cross a pass exceeding 17,000 feet. In Thibet Proper the snow-fall is so small that travelling is practicable throughout the year.

Travelling at night in the mountains is always dangerous, particularly in the higher parts of the Himalaya and Thibet; even the roads are mere tracks, so that the best acquainted with them are liable to lose their way. The further directions as to times of marching, rate of travelling, crossing high passes, disguises, equipment, and general requirements, are concise but full, and of really practical value.

The second part of this volume consists of a geographical glossary of the languages of India and Thibet, including the phonetic transcription and interpretation of the words, based upon materials collected chiefly from verbal information in the respective provinces and from native writings. The primary object for which it was collected was to avoid errors in writing the names in their maps and in publications in general, many Indian names having assumed, under the disguise of Roman characters, an appearance quite different from that which they present in their original spelling; and this circumstance, together with the inducement offered by the information for other countries beyond India proving more detailed and defined than was expected, gave Dr. Hermann de Schlagintweit the idea of introducing in his work a selection of geographical names, restricting his selection, however, to those to which an interpretation of their meaning could be added. In their labours the brothers found themselves under the necessity of acquiring a practical knowledge of Hindostani: this knowledge, and the selection of good Hindoo interpreters, permitted their directly consulting the natives of the various regions for dialectical forms as well as their meanings. Even the ruder tribes are quick enough in discovering whether the pronunciation of a foreigner is correct or not, although the resulting idea of the meaning of the component parts of a word and the combination and connection of the whole with the object, if not very plain, are quite beyond the mental comprehension of a native. In the elaboration of the materials the Hindostani has been revised by Sayad Mohámmad Saed, the munshi engaged by Hermann de Schlagintweit on his travels; the Tibetan by M. Emil Schlagintweit, who has made his brother's materials and observations on Buddhism an object of special study, and has also occupied himself with questions of Tibetan philology; while the Oriental typography has passed under Dr. Rudolph Trömel, of Leipsic. The total number of the names of which explanations are given in the glossary exceeds 1,200, amongst which 150 are Tibetan. The principle of writing a language in a foreign alphabet is either to represent the sound within certain limits by letters of which the sound is fixed by usage, or to render letter for letter without any particular care to preserve the pronunciation. The latter principle is that suggested by Sir William Jones, and such accurate transliteration Dr. Schlagintweit considers decidedly the more scientific method, and as possessing, in addition, the important advantage of allowing the pronunciation to be given by a few modifications of the European alphabet. Other methods and modifications have been proposed by Dr. Gilchrist, Baron Bunsen, and other Oriental scholars; but, for all practical purposes, Sir William Jones's plan, with a few modifications, is deemed sufficient. In concluding his introductory remarks to the glossary, Dr. de Schlagintweit remarks that even for delicate questions in direct connection with history as well as comparative philology, many valuable contributions may be derived from geographical terminology, in the elements of which may be frequently discovered the remains of languages now lost, as also of abandoned forms; and the general interest excited, therefore, in India during the last few years in a popular, simple, and correct method of transcription, must be considered a fortunate and important assistance to science, for from such materials will arise, at no distant period, most valuable instances of the gradual change undergone by vowels and consonants, and grammatical development will thus be furthered in that high and scientific sense which has been connected with it by modern philology.

In representing the Hindostani, signs for the modifications of the vowels when long, short, or nasal, are requisite; even with these, many minor distinctions of the native Hindostani alphabet are not reproduced. For Tibetan, in which the distinctions are much less numerous, our alphabet contains the elements for representing all the modifications of vowels and consonants. When, in the seventh century of the Christian era, the Tibetan alphabet was formed from the ancient Devanágari characters, numerous vocal and consonantal distinctions were omitted, as not existing in Tibetan. Dr. Schlagintweit then gives details of the vowels and consonants, their formation, pronunciation, accent, and terms prevailing in composition. The explanations of the names are often very curious—as, for example, Amritzur, in the Pánjáb, the meaning of which is

"the lake of immortality"—a name connected with a large tank made by Ram Das in 1581; Bara latse, "the crest of the cross-roads"—a pass between Lahore and Ladak; Himbab, a river in Dras, "snow descended;" Jvala mukhi, in the Pánjáb, "flame-mouth," a general name for volcanoes where subterranean fires break out; Mustagh, a part of the Karakorum chain, "ice-mountain"—i.e., glacier, not snow mountain; Hadipara, in the Gurro hills, "river village;" Naha malla, a part of the Eastern ghats, "the dark-coloured mountains;" Poi Labtse, a mountain in Guari Khórsum, on the outer chain of the Trans-Sutlej range, "the heaps of the summit," in allusion to three rounded prominences on its crest, the middle called the "white," kurpo, the southern the "red," marpo, and the northern the "black," náppo, and which are considered the seats of three goddesses. The Sanskrit-Hindu names have a particular tendency to connect topographical terminology with the sacred ideal beings of Indian mythology and ancient history, as Brahma, Rama, Siva, Vishnu. Numerals, as two, three, ten, are frequent, as in such compound geographical names as Dasgau, "ten villages;" tippera, "three towns." Arabic and Persian names in composition have been spread throughout India by the Mussulmans, and are met with again in Turkistan. The Tibetan terminology is particularly descriptive,—as great, small, high, low; the various colours, as white, black, red; and thang, "plain;" pang, "grassy place;" khar, "forts;" la, "pass;" ri, "mountain;" tso, "lake;" senge, "lion;" ta, "horse;" tse, "top." Sometimes a combination of words to a considerable length occurs, as "Jsomotethung, "the wild horse's drinking-place," but even much longer instances are quoted.

The Tibetan shows, Dr. de Schlagintweit remarks, another physiological and ethnographical modification not unworthy of attention—viz., that the letters used as terminals are very few in number. Amongst the thirty letters of consonantal character of the Tibetan alphabet ten only occur, according to the grammatical rules, as terminal letters. But in Tibetan, as spoken at present, it is not unfrequent to hear exceptions, especially the *t*, *p*, *t*, which ought to be excluded, and this is so generally done that these letters are actually used on the maps of previous travellers, even of those who have been very careful in their orthography of geographical names.

"HINTS on the Formation of Local Museums," is the title of a little book by the Treasurer of the Wimbledon Museum Committee, recently published by Mr. Hardwicke of Piccadilly. It contains many sensible observations, and is, we hope, only one of many efforts to bring village and parish clubs into active scientific operation. Such clubs possess very great facilities for those active subsidiary labourers who accumulate materials for the higher naturalists to work upon. The savant who investigates and describes the novelties brought to light from time to time, or who works out great problems in science, can hardly ever be a great collector or a field-worker. Those who live in country districts would do well to work closely in every scientific department of their own region, from meteorology to butterfly-catching—from geology to microscopic examinations of their pond-waters. But these investigations cease to be valuable if not recorded; collections are useless unless retained and properly labelled. The field of operations of these clubs has never been properly recognized, and anything like organization is at present altogether wanting. The Wimbledon Village Club has been in operation for some years, and is intended for the recreation of all classes. The members are of two kinds—the highest paying ten shillings yearly; the ordinary members, consisting of artisans, labourers, and the like, paying eightpence monthly, one shilling and sixpence quarterly, or five shillings yearly. Ladies are admitted as first-class members; and visitors may be admitted by members, or by payment by the ordinary class of one penny per day, and by the upper class of half-a-crown a month. The club is managed by a committee composed of both classes of members elected annually. The club has a reading-room, supplied with daily and weekly newspapers, periodicals, and books; a smoking-room, with chess, dominoes, and newspapers; a library, from which members can take books to their homes; and a lecture-room, in which lectures, penny lectures, penny readings, with music, and chat, and tea-meetings, are held. Classes for various subjects are held in the evening, and refreshments are supplied by the housekeeper at moderate charges. So far the arrangements are models for every village of the kingdom to follow, and it is barely possible to conceive how much might be done for science if every village had such a club, and every such club, or the mass of them, worked earnestly. Nor are the rules for the Wimbledon Museum less admirable. The specimens, instead of being vagrants from all parts of the earth, are to consist of those only illustrating the nature of the soil, the plants, and animals, and antiquities of the neighbourhood. No object is to be received unless found within a radius of five miles, and every specimen has to be accompanied by a legibly written statement giving the name of the specimen, where practicable, the exact place where procured, and the date when obtained, with the name and address of the donor. A descriptive catalogue has, moreover, to be made by the honorary secretary. The museum to be open at certain times during the week to the members free, and to the public for the charge of a penny, or by yearly tickets to parishioners for a shilling. The other contents of this little book are equally worthy of notice; and especially the selection of books in the library which affords a good list of works useful for the purposes of such an institution; and to youths and amateur collectors the brief descriptions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, in letters from Professor Owen and Dr. Bell, and the amount of apparatus and materials used in collecting, will prove very serviceable. A shilling spent on this essay will be well spent, and we hope it may have a large and profitable sale; not merely profitable pecuniarily to the producer, but profitable in the broad and best meaning of the

word, as propagating useful ideas amongst our fellows, and encouraging or creating a disposition in many a village to emulate the Wimbledon Club by establishing similar ones in their own, and working in friendly rivalry.

The meridian observations made at the Cambridge University Observatory during the past twelve months comprise, in addition to those of the fundamental stars, observations of the stars which were used for comparison with comet 2, 1861, and comet 2, 1862; observations of the sun near the summer and winter solstices, and the autumnal and vernal equinoxes; observations of the planets Jupiter and Neptune, and circle observations of Mars and of the stars selected by Dr. Winnecke to be compared with that planet in declination, with a view to the determination of its parallax. The total number of transit observations since the date of the last annual report is 924, and the number of circle observations 656. The equatorial observations comprise a series of observations of comet 2, 1862, and comets 2 and 3, 1863, and a series of comparisons in right ascension between Mars and neighbouring stars, taken on both sides of the meridian, according to the plan of the Astronomer Royal. Charts drawn on a large scale have been prepared of all the stars near the path of Mars. The total number of these comparisons of Mars with neighbouring stars amounts to 192, of which 124 were taken on the eastern and 68 on the western side of the meridian. A few observations have been made of occultations of stars by the moon and of eclipses and other phenomena of Jupiter's satellites. Several new arrangements have been made in reference to some of the instruments.

It is stated in *Cosmos* that M. Bauer, the engineer, has succeeded in raising the Bavarian steamboat, "Ludwig," which sank two years since in the harbour of Geneva, in seventy feet of water. Two balloons were attached to the vessel by divers, and inflated. After a time a great ebullition manifested itself at the surface, and the boat rose rapidly, and was run ashore.

THE METRIC SYSTEM IN FRANCE.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

A LETTER has been addressed to the *Times* signed "B.," in which he confidently endeavours to prove that the metric system is unfit for trade or scientific calculations, and that it is not carried out in France in its practical details. Having carefully perused the arguments put forward, we will endeavour to show how little they tend to prove the inefficacy of the system, and also demonstrate that the experience of a collegian a quarter of a century ago is not applicable to the present state of the metric system in France. The attack upon Mr. Ewart, with which "B." commences, is quite unjustifiable, inasmuch as if he had read the bill and read the debate upon it, he would have seen that coinage was not mentioned in the former, and that the compulsory clause was promised to be altered to a permissive one in committee. As the matter stands at present, the bill has been withdrawn by Mr. Ewart, and a permissive one will be substituted. After dismissing in a most summary manner Mr. Cobden and M. Michel Chevalier, as having but an imperfect knowledge of what they are talking about, he describes his own experience a quarter of a century ago. We will take this last for granted, and pass on to the actual objections he urges as having presented themselves during the confusion that reigned at the introduction of the system. Our own experience of eleven years' residence on the Continent, up to 1862, is certainly superior to his as regards the practical working of the metric system in France in the year 1863.

Let us first consider measures of length. We can state positively that no measure is used to denote length in France except the metric and its decimal multiples and subdivisions. The latitude and longitude of an observer on the earth's surface can have nothing to do with linear measures, inasmuch as they may be considered as the measure of angles counting from the equator northward and southward, and from the primary meridian eastward and westward. As to the terms *mille géographique*, *mille marin*, and the *lieue marine*, they are perfectly identical with those of England, being derived from the divisions of the earth's surface in the same manner. As our object is to explain the subject and not to mystify it, we may state that the *French geographical league* of 3 geographical miles is not the same as the *French nautical league* of 3 nautical miles, the former being 25 leagues to the degree and the latter 20, whereas the *English geographical league* of 3 miles is identical with the *English nautical one*, being 20 to the degree. The *French geographical league* may be thus readily calculated. The circumference of the earth is 40,000,000 metres; this divided by 360 gives 111,111.1 metres for the length of a degree. Dividing again by 25 we have 5555.5* metres for the length of a *French geographical league* of 25 to the degree. In like manner the *French nautical league* is found to be 4444.4 metres. The mean of these two was termed, some years ago, the *lieue moyenne*, and is of course exactly 5,000 metres, or half a myriametre. The *lieue de poste*, now disused, consisted of 2,000 toises. There were other leagues, now swept away, too numerous to mention. The metric league at present in use in France is 4,000 metres. So there is nothing here against the use of the metre in France; on the contrary, the mention of the leagues with the easy manner in which they are derived serve to illustrate the convenience of the Metric System.

* *Manuel Pratique et Elementaire des Poids et Mesures, des Monnaies et du Calcul Décimal*; par S. A. Tarbé. P. 430.

Now for superficial measure. The *are*, and its decimal multiples and subdivisions, is the only measure by which land is bought and sold in France, and no other denomination of agrarian measure is legal on any document, or is used. The surfaces of countries are geographically described in square kilometres or square leagues of four kilometres square, but more frequently in the former. A French educational work on our desk before us informs us that 387,000 square kilometres are the superficies of Turkey in Europe. So the metric system is applicable and is alone applied to square measure in France in 1863. All the railway land in France is bought by the *are* and hectare. Measures of capacity come next, and let us see if "B." has proved that the metric system is not followed out. He says that "potatoes, beans, peas, are priced by the *boisseau*, which answers to the bushel." In the first place, there is no such measure at present in France as a *boisseau*; in the second place, the *boisseau* never answered to the bushel, but to the peck, or two gallons English. We would say to "B.," "Ne vous abusez pas surtout quand vous entendez les marchands des quatre saisons et autres crier: Au boisseau! au boisseau! à tant le quart! ils n'ont ni boisseau ni quart."* The vessel which resembles the ancient *boisseau* of 12½ litres is the decalitre, which, by referring to the table of equivalents in our impression of the 27th ult., is equal to 2 gallons (1 peck), 1 pint and 2 gills, or 2·201 gallons, or 1½ peck. The muid, setier, chopine, poisson, were also ancient measures of capacity, but not one of them, or any other old measures, exist throughout the length and breadth of France. Let not "B." be deceived if he imagines that the old names still adhering to the approximate metric measures make them cease to be metric measures. Go into the shop of a marchand de vin, or into any of the halles of Paris, Lyons, Bordeaux, Strasbourg, Lille, Marseilles, or Chambéry, and you will see the same measures of capacity. They have no other, and whatever they call them that does not alter the value, as some denomination of the metric system. Old names will by habit adhere to measures, even after their capacities have been altered to a new system, and no law can prevent a name from being used, if it be not to mislead intentionally. "La loi n'a aucune action sur la langue usuelle; mais c'est en contraignant le langage officiel à ne pas s'écarter des dénominations scientifiques qu'on amènera le langage usuel à les adopter."† We have frequently purchased wine in the wood in France, and the "charge," or "piece," always contained a certain number of litres, and we may remark that the following form some of the "contenances non décimales tolérées," and are of legalised use; the *quart-muid*, of 68 litres, the *quart-Macon*, 106 litres, the *feuillette de Bourgogne* of 136 litres, *pièce Macon* 212 litres, *pièce Bordeaux*, 216 litres; *Chalonnaises*, *Gatinoises*, and others, 224 litres; *Beaume*, *Chalons*, *Orleans*, and others, 228 litres; and this seems to be in strict accordance with the metric law laid down in the "Ordonnance Royal du 17 Avril, 1839," which, in article 33, says, that vessels and barrels serving as recipients for potable liquids or other articles shall not be reputed as measures of capacity or of weight. So long as they contain a certain number of litres and the prices are quoted by the hectolitre, there is no infringement of the metric system by the barrels in use throughout France. There are some articles of consumption which are daily bought and paid for, and never measured either by weight or capacity. We need not remind "B." that no law was ever applied to control what is eaten and drank at a restaurant, as far as measure is concerned; what is paid for across the counter either in Paris or London is weighed and measured. For instance, a poor man calls for a pint of beer, which is measured, and if he asks for a pint of coffee in London the measure is given to him; but if he sits down to table in a coffee-room, call for a mutton-chop and a glass of ale or a cup of coffee, neither of these are measured either by weight or capacity. You buy a plate of cold meat at a railway refreshment-room, whether it be in Paris, London, Lyons, or Vienna, it is never weighed; so that any arguments deduced from these practices, and employed to prove the non-application of the metric system, are not worth refuting.

A word now as to weights. Though forbidden by law to be cried in the streets or publicly placarded, the "livre" is a nickname attached to the half-kilogram, and the "quart," to the 125 grams, or two hectos and a half, which it will be very hard to eradicate from the habits of France, at least till another generation has passed away. We beg to assure our readers that the kilogram is the only unit of weight used throughout France for the general purposes of commerce in shops, markets, &c. The primitive unit, the gram, is seldom used except for postage and medical or scientific matters. For higher denominations of weight "B." calls the French Government a "systematic offender against the metric system," because it takes as its unit of weight the metric quintal of 1,000 kilogrammes, and with the ton of 1,000 kilogrammes called a millier. Really we can see nothing against the metric system in all this. It is rather illustrative of its use. No better instance of the way in which it is carried out occurs than in a receipt lying before us, from the "Douanes Françaises," for the duty on a rifle when entering France from the

south; weight 3 kilogrammes at 212f. 50c. the metric quintal = 6f. 37½c. The same amount would have been arrived at by saying 2f. 12½c. the kilogramme, or 2,125f. the ton or millier. The terms quintal and millier were used in consequence of the Greeks not counting beyond myriads, and there being consequently no Greek term above that sum.

The objections cited as to the impossibility of small dealings being carried on to a sufficient degree of nicety by the decimal system to avoid loss by the buyer or the seller are very much overrated. Transactions often occur among the poorer classes where half a centime may be requisite to be used, but it is not "carried over" to the next dealing, as "B." good naturedly remarks; we have invariably seen that where half a centime is due to a poor person, they give an equivalent for it in the shape of some small article. This they often do in shops where customers will not take centimes. We make all due allowance for the writer of the letter in the *Times*, inasmuch as so many years have elapsed since the period to which he refers. The remark that "even at the period referred to, French mathematicians regretted the combination of the metric with the decimal system," is not very clear to us, in its application, for it would be a singular event indeed if every person was unopposed to the metric and decimal system on its first introduction into a country. From our own experience, we may state that the only feeling of regret with regard to the ancient measures prevailing among those nations which have adopted the metric system, is that they did not sooner get rid of the old one. We may conclude by stating that "B." seems to us to have failed in demonstrating, as he promised, that the metric system is "not uniformly carried out even by the French, neither in scientific nor in commercial transactions;" but that he has endeavoured to impress upon us, what no one has ever doubted, viz., that much confusion of weights and measures prevailed in France when the metric system was introduced on the 4th July, 1837.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Adams's (Rev. W.) Distant Hills. New edit. 18mo., 9d. sewed, 1s. cl.
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* Daléchamps. Manuel Populaire. P. 60.

† Circulaire Ministérielle du 9 Août, 1839.